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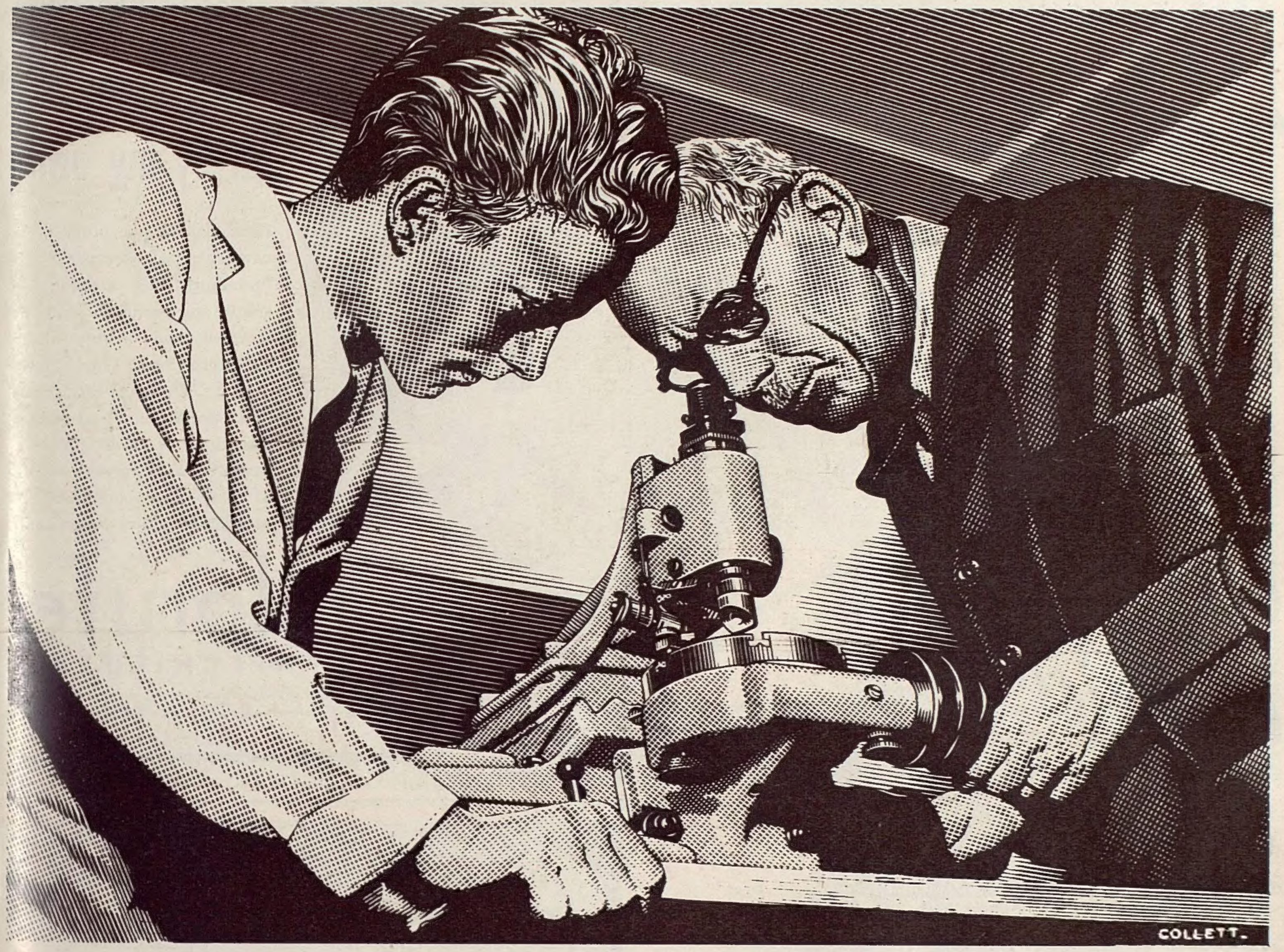

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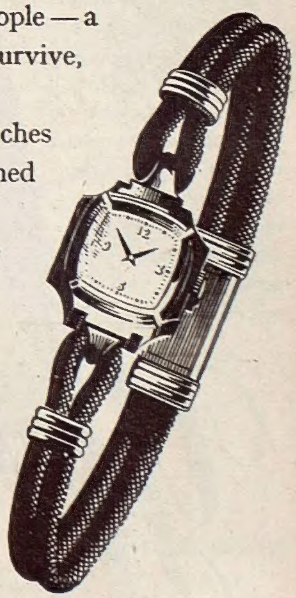

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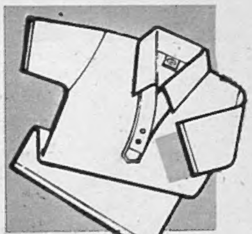

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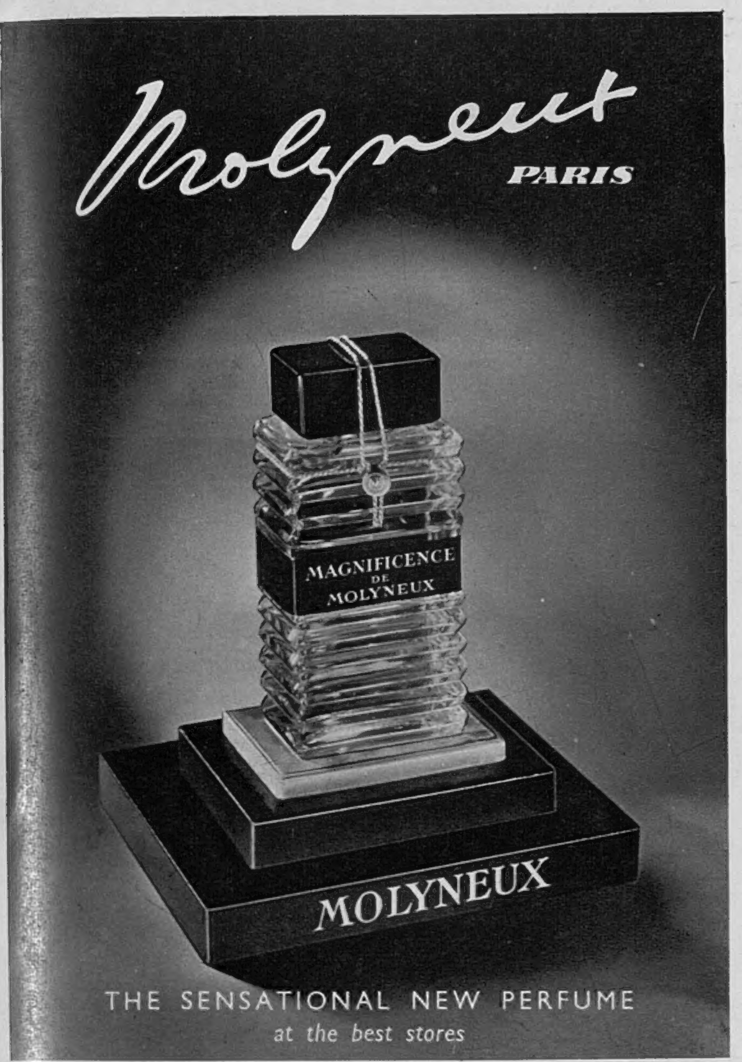

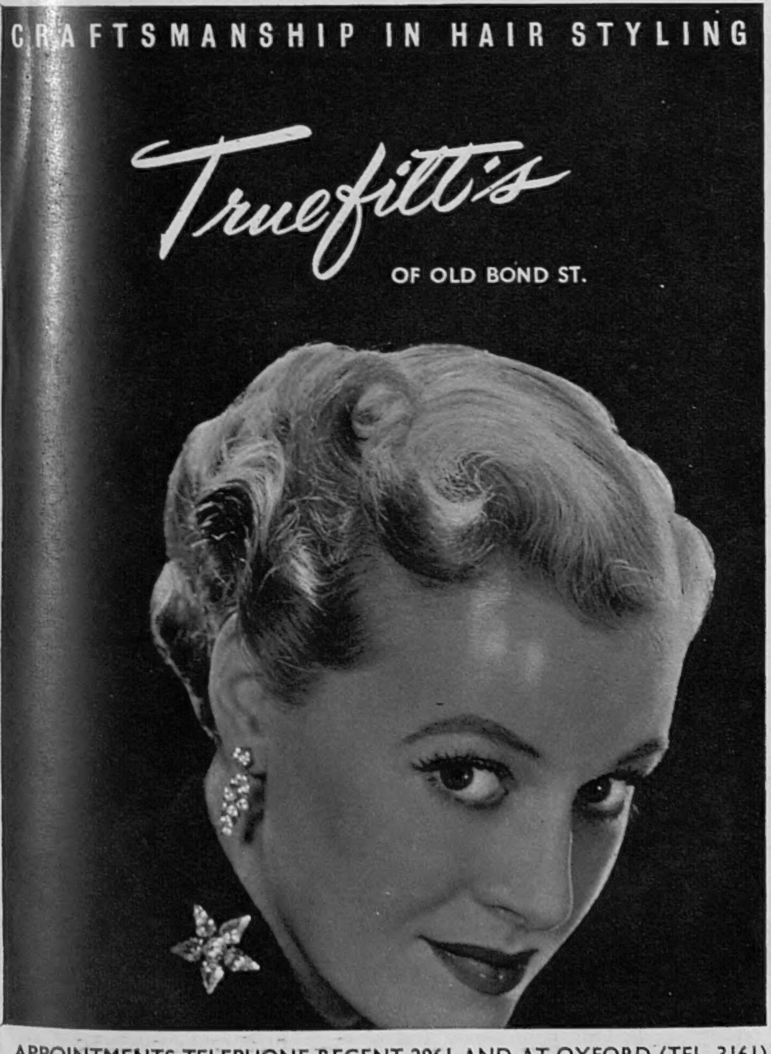

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FOR THE 8-YEAR-OLD.
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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1952

Photographed by Hay Wrightson.

LOYAL GREETINGS

Queen Mary, who will be eighty-five next Monday, May 26, is admired and loved as a Queen of great character and personality. Her lifetime has spanned six reigns, and she has retained not only her impressive majesty, but with it the graciousness that has inspired our lasting affection.

Flowers have always been among Queen Mary's great interests, and the Chelsea Flower Show, which opens to-day (May 21), is an event which she enjoys; her visits to it add greatly to the pleasure of others, and this typical picture shows Her Majesty being helped across a small stream in the Royal Hospital gardens, where the show is always held. (Other pictures of Queen Mary appear on following pages.)

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

THE activities of Lord Donegall and his friends in bringing interesting foreign films to the New Gallery are wholly admirable. Admirable, too, was the admonitory foreword to *The Fall of Berlin*, for which I gather he was responsible. Although a few of the "comrades" at the première applauded this sprawling propaganda production, which ranges from the funnily crude to the terrifying (the latter, that about half the world's inhabitants are prepared to believe this sort of bunk), the mood of the audience seemed to vary between the bored and the amused. Still, one wonders whether it is a good thing to release a film of this type when one considers that a substantial proportion of our fellow-citizens have no idea what happened on Good Friday. One young soldier, I see, advanced the theory that Good Friday was Robinson Crusoe's batman.

The complete failure to give any credit to the Allies is nothing new. As early as 1943 I sat through a five-hour film on Red Army Day, shown in Teheran. This dealt with the fighting on the northern front, and the arrival of supplies at Murmansk. The shots were brilliantly realistic, both the land and sea fighting, but unless any member of the audience had happened to recognise the British and American uniforms in two brief shots at the end, they would not have known where the supplies were coming from, nor the nationality of the ships and naval escorts which were fighting their way through.

ALL Mr. Churchill's admirers will be delighted to hear that one of his associates, General Ismay, is making a collection of wartime Winstoniana. To do full justice to the constant outpourings of Churchillian sayings, wise and witty, grave, gallant and gay, would have required a permanent mobile recording machine operating right round the clock. None of those who saw most of him during the war—that is to say, Mr. Brendan Bracken, Lord Cherwell, Sir George Harvie-Watt, Commander "Tommy" Thompson and Sir Desmond Morton—were able to keep any record under the great pressure of events, but I gather that General Ismay is to make the attempt of collecting as many of the inimitable Winstonian sayings and incidents as is possible.

One of the most amusing of the latter is remarkable in that no word was spoken. Towards the end of the war, Lord Mancroft, whose job it was to look after Mr. Churchill's maps, was one Saturday afternoon sprawled on the floor of the Map Room in the War Cabinet offices making the necessary adjustments. Mr. Churchill, he thought, was down at Chequers. His "Sam Browne" was off, his tunic unbuttoned, his cap was on the floor beside him, when suddenly he heard Mr. Churchill's voice. He had no time to do more than spring to his feet. The Prime Minister passed him with a nod, then stopped, turned, fumbled in his pocket, threw a penny into the cap and passed on into the Cabinet Room. It is not perhaps surprising that Lord Mancroft has kept that penny to this day.

And talking of Lord Mancroft, did you ever read anything so ridiculous as the pother raised by Mrs. Castle over his amusing little remark about M.P.s "larking about in the lobbies with Bessie Braddock and the girls"? The lack of sense of humour of our legislators about themselves is terrifying. Alas, it does not seem to be confined to women members (why is it that women can never be subjective, always seeing every problem and situation in relation to themselves?) or to the Socialists.

Seriously, the downfall of Parliamentary democratic régimes begins when they start to take too close an interest in their own privileges—a process which only ends in making them ludicrous. Had the French Assembly displayed a collective

sense of humour with regard to itself, at any period during the last eighty years, it could never have sunk so low in public esteem that a Parisian taxi-driver in my hearing could clinch an argument with a colleague, after the vilest exchange of Parisian "argot," with: "*Espèce de Député, toi!*" However, Mrs. Castle and her friends can be happy that Colonel the Lord Mancroft, after fifteen years' Territorial and war service, has been called up for his "Z" course during Ascot Week.

DINING with Lord Mancroft the other night we were discussing the question of those bricks which we all of us drop in the course of a lifetime. In my family we call them "pillow-bites"—because even twenty years later you will wake up in the middle of the night and bite your pillow with mortification, and wish vainly that you could have just those few seconds of reflection over again which would enable you to steer round that dangerous corner.

Some of the worst one can never bring into the light of day, but one of the milder ones which haunts me in the midnight hours took place about this time of the year. It was in my "debbing" days. At the last moment I was rung up by the mother of a friend of mine, who said: Would I fill a gap at a dinner-party to go on to Lady Somebody-or-Other's dance? I never heard the actual name of my dance hostess clearly, but I accepted the invitation to dinner. There were two young ladies—shall we call them the Misses O'Lachlan?—one of whom sat next to me at the dinner. Everything went wrong that night from the beginning. An additional manservant, who had been brought in for the occasion, instead of burgundy gave us nice large burgundy glasses full of palpable Graham's '04 port in the middle of the meal—which, incidentally, was quietly lapped up by the other members of the party. We then went to the dance. It was the sort of dance which appeared in the papers next day as "Lady So-and-So (small dance)," which only meant that the accommodation was far too small for the number of people invited. It was a sultry June evening, and the champagne was of the type of which the shipper's advertisement should have been "A headache in every half-glass." Having politely danced with each of the young ladies in my party, I slipped away at the earliest decent moment. A fortnight later I was at the Kandahar Ski Club dinner and dance, and, while waiting for my partner to emerge with her coat, I ran into the Miss O'Lachlan who had sat beside me at the dinner. Said O'Brien cheerfully: "Hullo! How did you enjoy the dance the other evening?" To which the young lady replied: "Oh! It was terribly hot and crowded, wasn't it?" Then, said I (thinking I had found an ally): "Yes, and wasn't the champagne perfectly ghastly?" A look flickered across the young lady's face, and in horror I said: "Oh, heavens! It wasn't your dance, was it?" To which she replied sweetly: "No. It was given by my mother for my youngest sister." Not even the fact that she very sweetly said that she was delighted to hear my frank criticism, as at a family conference she had been in favour of providing better champagne, but had been overruled by the others, who said that "nobody would notice," softened—or has ever softened—the full horror of that moment.

Stormont Mancroft suggests that one might make an anthology of "pillow-bites." If any readers feel like sending them in, I should be delighted to have them!

MY recent note in which I suggested that when things go wrong an airport closely resembles what I imagine hell to be like, has brought me a letter addressed to me as—Publicity Officer, Belial Airways Limited, from Tenth Gulf, Hell, which runs as follows:

Jockey and Steed—before the Derby.
Drawn by Edmund Blampied.

DEAR SIR,

We, the undersigned, being members of various political parties or of none, having read your notes in the current number of *The Sketch*, would like to take this opportunity of supporting your thesis that there is a marked resemblance between an airport and the place in which we now dwell. We are here, however, buoyed up with the hope that things may get worse, while above you cannot expect them to get any better.

At the same time we should be extremely grateful if you could secure a passage for us—an infernal *visa* can easily be arranged—to London, where we feel that in the present circumstances our services would be much more useful than here, where crime and vice are more or less at a standstill, a sentiment in which, we may add, his Satanic Majesty fully concurs.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation for the interest which you take in our activities.

Your obedient servants,
OLIVER CROMWELL
JUDAS ISCARIOT
TITUS OATES
WILLIAM OF ORANGE

It took me a little time to suspect the true authorship. I got a clue, however, from the Titus Oates and William of Orange, and guessed that it might be our old friend Sir Charles Petrie, the eminent historian, who is the greatest living authority on the Jacobite movement. When taxed with it, he confessed.

BY the time this appears, the Stock Exchange Operatic and Dramatic Society will have staged their performance of *Miranda* for the benefit of the Kingston and Malden Victoria Medical Foundation. Many people will remember the gallant struggle of the doctors and local inhabitants of Kingston and Malden to avoid the submerging of the excellent little "Kingston Vic" general practitioner hospital in the great bureaucratic machine set up by the last Government. When everyone thought that they were finally defeated, they bounced up again. They had discovered a chink in the Health Act's armour. Evidently when the Socialist Government took over the voluntary hospitals, they considered that nobody would ever want to start a voluntary hospital again. They therefore inserted nothing in the Act to ensure that this could not take place. The "Kingston Vic" doctors, on the day after they were taken over, announced that they were going to launch an appeal for funds to start a little hospital to take the place of the old "Kingston Vic." They have now raised enough money (which has come from all five continents) to buy a building, and have been offered a great deal of equipment by well-wishers. The next stage is to buy the rest of the equipment and raise enough to start operations. All who like "bonny fechters" and are interested in the personal relationship between doctor and patient, and have a few pennies to spare, could not find a better object for their charity.

WHILE on the subject of benefactors, what an admirable job the Duke of Westminster has made of the gardens of Eaton Square. It must have cost a very considerable sum of money, but the replanning of the gardens has been done with great taste and skill, and the results are most attractive. Unfortunately, walking through Eaton Square the other night, I noticed that the sight of this attractive addition to London's amenities has proved too much for our fellow-voters. I counted at least three beer bottles and double the number of paper bags which had been tossed over the fence, no doubt as a ritual offering to the great god Demos.

Toby O'Brien

Queen Mary, then Princess May of Teck, in her presentation gown and wearing the white feathers in her hair which were a rule for all débutantes until evening courts were ended by the last war.

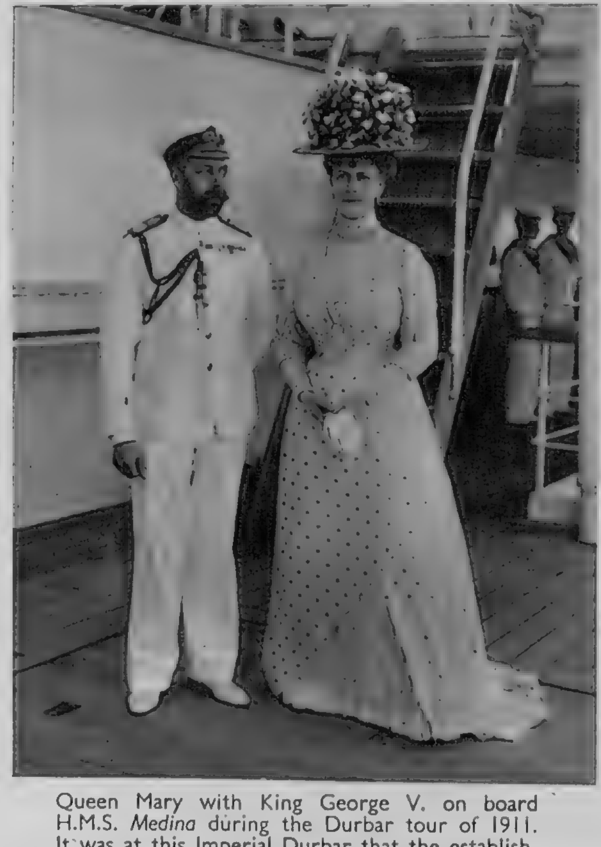
The wedding, on July 6, 1893, of the Duke and Duchess of York, afterwards King George V. and Queen Mary. *L. to r., back row,* Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Victoria of Edinburgh, the Duke of York, Princess Victoria of Wales and Princess Maud of Wales. *Front row, l. to r.,* Princess Alice of Battenberg, Princess Margaret of Connaught, Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh (on the ground), the Duchess of York, Princess Victoria of Battenberg and Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught. This photograph was taken at Buckingham Palace by command of Queen Victoria, who at that time had fifty-five living descendants.

IN SIX HISTORICAL REIGNS

Her Majesty Queen Mary, who will be eighty-five next Monday, May 2[illegible] was born in the reign of Queen Victoria and has lived to see another Quee[illegible] her granddaughter Queen Elizabeth, come to the throne. The reigns of fo[illegible] Kings have intervened : those of Queen Mary's father-in-law, King Edward VII. ;

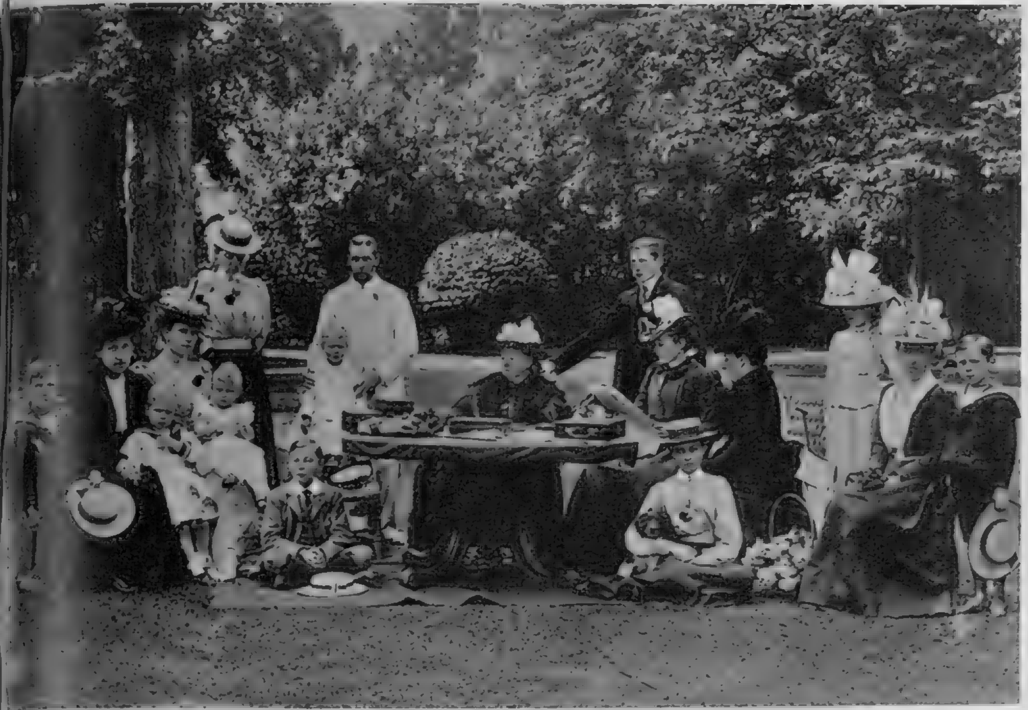
Queen Mary in her Coronation robe, thickly embroidered, in gold, with the Rose of England, the Shamrock of Ireland, the Thistle of Scotland and the Lotus and Star of India.

(By courtesy of "The Illustrated London News.")



Queen Mary with King George V. on board H.M.S. *Medina* during the Durbar tour of 1911. It was at this Imperial Durbar that the establishment of New Delhi was first announced.

In June 1937, Queen Mary, honorary Doctor of Civil with Lord Halifax to



At Osborne House. *L. to r.*, Prince Leopold of Battenberg, Princess Aribert of Anhalt, Prince Edward of York, now the Duke of Windsor ; Queen Mary, then Duchess of York, holding Princess Mary, now Princess Royal ; Princess Margaret of Connaught ; on the ground Prince Alexander of Battenberg ; the late King George VI., then Prince Albert of York, being held by his father, King George V., then Duke of York ; Queen Victoria, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Duchess of Connaught ; on the ground, Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught ; Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Ena of Battenberg, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Maurice of Battenberg.

Queen Mary, then Duchess of York, with her three eldest children : Prince Edward, now Duke of Windsor ; Prince Albert, the late King George VI. ; and Princess Mary, now Princess Royal.

her husband, King George V. ; her eldest son, King Edward VIII., who became Duke of Windsor after his abdication ; and her second son, King George VI.

Queen Mary is the only daughter of the late Duke and Duchess of Teck ; she married the late King George V., who was then Duke of York, on July 6, 1893 ; his father, then Prince of Wales, came to the throne on January 22, 1901, and died on May 6, 1910 ; the Coronation of King George V. and Queen Mary was on June 22, 1911, and King George V. died in the year of their Silver Jubilee, 1936. They had five sons and a daughter, of whom the Duke of Windsor, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Royal survive.

wearing her robes as an Law, at Oxford walking the Bodleian Library.

Queen Mary being received at the Lyric Theatre when she went to a special matinée of Ivor Novello's *Ladies Into Action* in April 1940. She has always taken a great interest in the theatre.

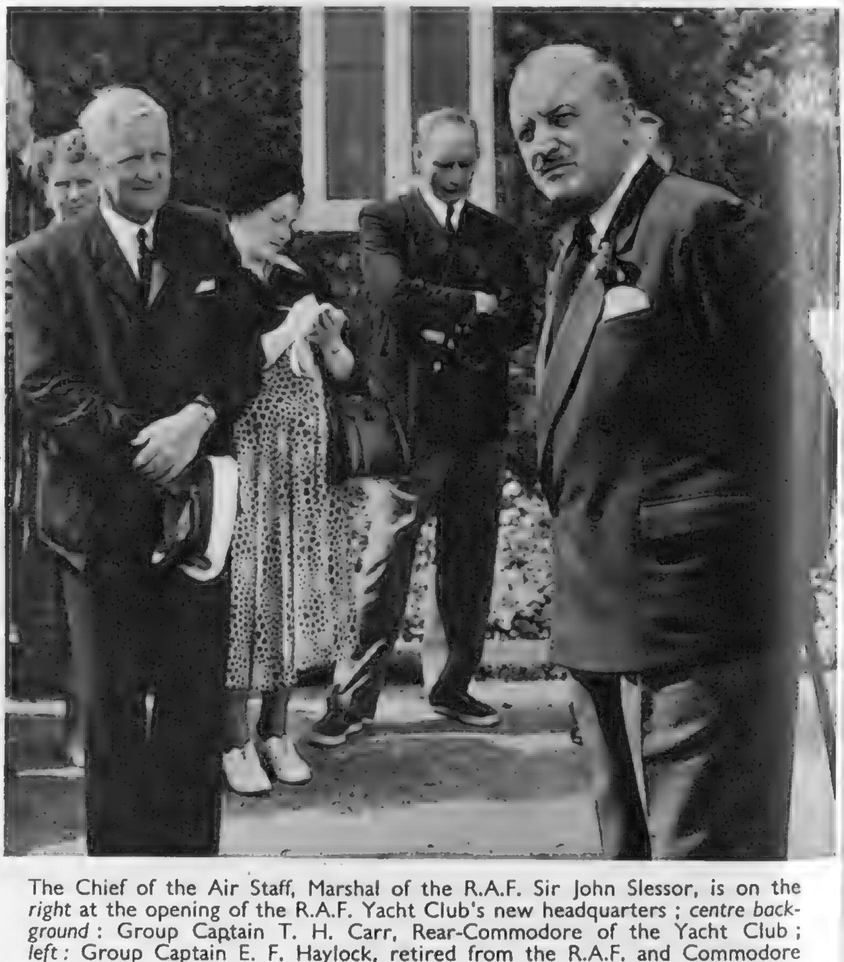
Queen Mary holding her great-grandson Prince Charles after his christening at Buckingham Palace on December 15, 1948. At eighty-five, with three generations of descendants, she is as active and alert as most women half her age.

Riverside House, Hamble, the new headquarters of the Yacht Club; the Commodore's burgee flying at the masthead and the blue ensign at the peak.

R.A.F. YACHT CLUB'S NEW HEADQUARTERS

The opening ceremony: a corporal of the R.A.F. Police hoists the defaced blue ensign.

The Chief of the Air Staff, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor, opened the new headquarters of the R.A.F. Yacht Club, Riverside House, Hamble, Hampshire, on May 10. Founded in 1932 as the Calshot Yacht Club by officers serving there at the time, the aim of the club is to encourage amateur yacht racing by R.A.F. officers. After the war, four ex-German yachts were acquired, in addition to two X boats and other small craft. Owing to the remoteness of Calshot, the headquarters were recently moved to Riverside House, an old red-brick country house standing in extensive grounds on the river bank at Hamble.



The Chief of the Air Staff, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor, is on the *right* at the opening of the R.A.F. Yacht Club's new headquarters; *centre background*: Group Captain T. H. Carr, Rear-Commodore of the Yacht Club; *left*: Group Captain E. F. Haylock, retired from the R.A.F. and Commodore of the Club.

CAKE PARADE

Above: Débutantes coming down the stairs at Grosvenor House to take part in the ceremony of cutting the cake at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball on May 7. *Inset:* The Duchess of Roxburghe cuts the cake. *Right:* The débutantes, in all their white, curtsy to the cake.

MISS JENNIFER WILLIAMS, daughter of Mrs. Francis Williams.

MISS N. McBEAN, daughter of Mrs. Noel McBean.

MISS MARILYN HARTLEY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lister Hartley.

MISS ANN HOPKINS, daughter of Major Adrian Hopkins, M.C.

MISS MAUREEN LYLE-PURDY, daughter of Sq.-Ldr. John Lyle-Purdy.

MISS BELINDA HARVIE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Harvie.

MISS L. CAMPBELL, daughter of the Hon. Angus and Mrs. Campbell.

MISS ANN SAUNDERS, daughter of Major and Mrs. F. G. Saunders.

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MISS MARY ORR DEAS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Orr Deas; MISS JILL ARCHER, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Archer, and MISS JOAN SHEDDEN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Shedden.

MISS JENNIFER-JANE BROUSSON, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. Brousson.

MISS SUSAN SENIOR, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior.

MISS CATHERINE SPENCER, daughter of the Hon. George and Mrs. Spencer.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL, VINTAGE '52

MISS VIRGINIA ESTCOURT, daughter of Mrs. Edward Barford.

MISS MARIANNE JORY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jory.

MISS A. WELD-BLUNDELL, daughter of Mr. John Weld-Blundell.

MISS ELEANOR SMYTH, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Smyth.

MISS SALLY CHURCHILL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Churchill.

LADY JUNE HAY, daughter of the late Earl and Countess Kinnoull.

MISS PHILIPPA KING, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. King.

MISS CAROLYN CALBURN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Calburn.

MISS B. POWELL, daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Powell.

MISS DEIRDRE CURTIS-BENNETT, daughter of Mr. Derek Curtis-Bennett, Q.C., and of Mrs. D. L. Pollock.

MISS ROBERTA HOLLAND, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. T. E. Holland.

MISS JENNIFER HOME-RIGG, daughter of Mr. J. B. Home-Rigg.

MISS ROSALIE HENNESSY, daughter of Brig. the Hon. James and Mrs. Hennessy.

Here are twenty-eight quick looks at débutantes of the year, photographed on their arrival at Grosvenor House for the famous annual ball, which is a revival of birthday balls once given at St. James's Palace by Queen Charlotte. It is organised by the Association of Friends of Queen Charlotte's and Chelsea Hospitals, and is not open to the public—mothers of girls are asked to bring parties and the list of those eligible is taken from the presentation list. This year 245 girls walked in the procession and curtsied to the enormous cake.

THE MISSES GILLIAN TAYLOR and DAPHNE POLAND, daughters of Mrs. Frank Taylor and Mrs. Kenneth Poland.

FROM LIMA TO LONDON

Yma Sumac, whose voice range is 4½ octaves, was educated in a convent at Lima, Peru, where she was "discovered" at the age of twelve and sang in a concert in the town. Later she toured South America with the composer-conductor Moises Vivanco, whom she married; through her mother she claims that her Peruvian ancestry goes back to the last of the Inca kings. Before going to the U.S. in 1946 she often used to sing at Peru's "Festivals to the Sun." She is now twenty-four, and her real success started when a gramophone company's executive heard her at the Blue Angel in New York, and arranged for her to sing at the Hollywood Bowl and to make a series of records, "Song of the Xtaby." She makes her European début at the Albert Hall on May 31.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

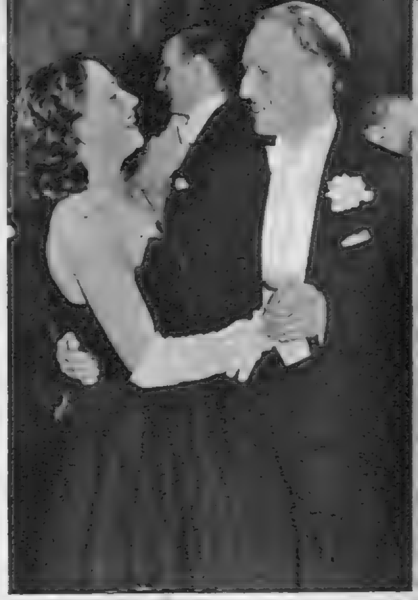
MAY 2.—People of all kinds and all ages, with very conflicting ideas about clothes, jostled into the Royal Academy for the private view of the summer exhibition as if it were a bank holiday race meeting. The "quivering aigrettes" described by Max Beerbohm had plenty to set them nodding in the trousered arty girls with ragged, sprouting "donkey's tail" hair; and his "light on high collars, highly polished," sent out flashes of resistance to corduroys and poachers' jackets, the wearers of which recoiled queasily from the ladies who had piled themselves high with outré hats and gone on to make themselves walking jewel and fur displays. Grouped on the steps was a girls' school—learning to spot the Great? Perhaps they had to write essays afterwards, with highest marks for the biggest score in personalities.

Mr. Attlee, brooding over Mr. Churchill's works, looked as if he might be remembering his successor's description of himself as "a sheep in sheep's clothing." The pictures by Lord Alexander also attracted the attention of viewing politicians, who included Captain Harry Crookshank, leader of the House of Commons; Major Lloyd George and Mr. Chuter Ede.

Lord Mancroft, one of the most active peers in the House of Lords, hurried purposefully into Burlington House after lunch; Lord Brabazon was there; Lady Ashton, lately back from her honeymoon, arrived with Mrs. William King; Lady Lowson, the former Lady Mayoress, wore a hat with a pom-pom on it; Mrs. Eveleigh Nash was a familiar and handsome figure; Lady Delamere was another after-lunch arrival; among the many actresses were the Misses Jeanne de Casalis and Jean Kent; a painter's wife in a decorative hat was Mrs. Cowan Dobson; Lady Munnings was escorted, as always, by her famous Pekinese, *Black Knight*; among the many painters there were Mr. Stanley Spencer, Mr. Anthony Devas and Mr. Edward le Bas.

The giant portraits by Mr. Robert Buhler, A.R.A., were very dominating; if his *Francis Bacon* and *John Davenport* could have stepped down from the walls they would have mown through the dense crowds like King Kongs. Mr. Rodrigo Moynihan is another A.R.A. who contributed some noticeable pictures; his wife, Elinor Bellingham-Smith, has produced some charming willow trees; as there are over 1,500 exhibits a large range of contributors is covered with most of the famous Academicians well represented.

Between two bouts of private viewing was sandwiched a lunch as dainty as a piece of flower decoration and including elderflowers as interesting stuffing for an omelette. The menu was from a new book called *Enjoy Your Slimming*, which is full of ingenious recipes devised by Sheila Hutchins and Ann Rogers, who were enjoying the lunch, at the Hungaria, with Mr. Nicholas Kaye, publisher of the book, his wife, and others.



MAY 1.—AT THE RED HAT BALL. *Left*, Miss Jane McNeill, who has just returned from Hong Kong. *Right*, Lord Dalkeith dancing with Miss Laura Smith, Lord Hambledon's sister; all three were in the Duchess of Northumberland's party. The ball, which was at the Dorchester, is an annual event for the Christ Church (Oxford) United Clubs in Kennington.

MAY 1.—ROYAL MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret leaving the home of the Austrian concert pianist, Franz Osborn, at Abercorn Place, Maida Vale. They had been at a dinner party and concert which lasted until 1.30 a.m.

MAY 3.—WEDDING RECEPTION IN A BANK. Mr. R. G. Stopford Hoare, son of Lieut.-Colonel G. L. Hoare and Lady Alma Hoare, married Miss Gillian Vivian at St. Dunstan-in-the-West, Fleet Street. The reception afterwards was at Hoare's Bank; the wedding party is seen crossing Fleet Street after the service.

MAY 3.—WATCHING THE FLYING HORSES. The Pegasus Club, the members of which are barristers, and the King's Troop, R.H.A., had a point-to-point at Little Kimble, near Princes Risborough. *L. to r.*, Mr. C. Marler, Miss G. Rhodes, Miss J. Stark and Mr. R. Marler.

MAY 5.—CORONATION COUNCIL. The Duke of Norfolk, Earl Chief Marshal, and the Duke of Edinburgh were at the first meeting of the Council.

MAY 6.—AT OLYMPIA. The Queen arriving at the British Industries Fair with diamond maple leaves on her coat.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

MAY 2.—News of the South of France and Ireland comes from Mrs. Guy Cross, who has got back to Galway from a jolly time at Cannes, which included a dinner party given by the Princess Gennaro de Bourbon. Among people there were Lord and Lady Sackville, Prince and Princess Marie de Bourbon (she is a sister of ex-King Umberto of Italy), Commander Ingram, and Commander Fuller, of the huge U.S. battleship *Midway*.

Back in Galway, Mrs. Cross, whose husband, Colonel Guy Cross, owns some of the best fishing in Ireland, entered a team in the West of Ireland Bridge Congress and missed winning the cup by one point.

MAY 6.—Went to the *O Patio* Club in Chelsea, which is a large old studio cleverly made to look exactly like somewhere in Spain or Portugal. Spanish and Portuguese dishes are a speciality, and a party from the Mexican Embassy was dining there that night; some of the staff from the Portuguese Embassy were expected the following evening. People who had been to the special curry lunch between 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. on Sunday included Prince and Princess Wiszieniewska and his sister, Princess Irene Wiszieniewska; also Sir Charles and Lady Cunningham.

Private parties can be given by members, of whom there is a great variety, including Mr. John Spencer-Churchill, Lord Roger Manners, Lady Caroline Duff, Mr. Maurice Collis, Commander Crabbe, the famous frogman; Captain Peter Eckersley, Brigadier O. Prior-Palmer, Conservative M.P. for Worthing; Sir Francis and Lady Rose, Mr. David McFall, the sculptor; Lady Hulse, her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Durran; Mr. John St. Aubyn and many more, representing a great many interests, which keeps conversation going.

The club was started last December by Mrs. Rosalind Fox, who had a famous club called La Galgo in Lisbon during the war. Her son, Mr. John Fox, who speaks five languages, helps her in the evenings. Among members giving parties there in the next few weeks are the Swedish Attaché, Mr. Borglund; Elizabeth, Lady Rendlesham and Mr. David St. Clair Miller for their wedding on May 26; and Mrs. James Durran and Mrs. Kirwan, who are having a dance for their daughters, the Misses Joanna Durran and Jennifer Kirwan, on June 12; Tommy Kinsman's band will play. Jennifer Kirwan is one of this year's débutantes and Joanna Durran came out last year.

In the afternoon there was rather a gay atmosphere, almost like some little club, at the Hanover Gallery's private view of pictures by Lucian Freud and Martin Froy and a photographer clicked doggedly at people "sharing jokes." Among them were

MAY 6.—THE BALALAIKA BALL. Arriving at the Dorchester for a ball in aid of homeless White Russians over here are, *left;* Countess Sophie Klein-Michel, an umbrella and Princess Irena Galitzine; *right*, Countess Sophie Soumarakoff-Elston, who wore champagne-coloured satin instead of national costume.

Baron von Albensleben, the sculptor; Mrs. Lowry Corry and her daughter, Miss Josephine Corry; Mr. Richard Crewdson, Mr. Michael Law, Mr. Mickey Luke, who shared some of the publicised European adventures of W. Stanley Moss; and Mr. Francis Wyndham.

Went on to the Arts Council Gallery, where there is an exhibition of English Churchyard Sculpture. Agog at the idea of mossy tombstones, trailing ivy and even harbouring snails, we hurried off and found, instead of these rugged exhibits, most interesting and reasonably-sized photographs of the sculpture, from the sixteenth century until now.

At the Institute of Contemporary Arts Sir Leigh Ashton and Sir James Laver were enjoying the Saul Steinberg drawings, and have bought one, of tiny fingerprint birds on graph paper, for the Victoria and Albert Museum.

MAY 7.—Lord Trimlestown, whose Barony is the second oldest in Ireland, married Miss Frieda Watkins at Corpus Christi Church in Maiden Lane; he is a widower, and his two sons, Mr. Anthony and Mr. Raymond Barnewall, were ushers, and his daughter, Miss Diana Barnewall, the only bridesmaid. Mr. Eric Gilette was best man and among people there were the bridegroom's sisters, Mrs. John Radcliff and Mrs. Charles Bathurst; Miss Pamela Radcliff; and Miss Cicely Watkins, the bride's sister. Lord and Lady Trimlestown are both fond of yachting, and will live at Cobh, in County Cork. He is a member of the Royal Munster Yacht Club.

MAY 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lambton had a party in the topmost flat of a lovely house in Park Crescent, looking out over the flossy new green of Regent's Park. Lord and Lady Tarbat were there, with his daughter, Miss Julia Blunt-Mackenzie, who is a débutante of this year; Miss Davina Metcalfe, looking very smart and attractive, and her brother, Mr. David Metcalfe; they are the daughter and son of Lady Alexandra Metcalfe; Mr. and Mrs. S. T. G. Maydwell and her stepfather, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney. He and Lady Courtney have just got back from the South of France.

Among the many attractive things in the flat was an elaborately striped and heavily-maned horse, with a cow, both drinking from a bird-infested trough—all in Staffordshire china.

Later in the evening there was a Conversazione in the beautiful Adam library at the Royal Society of Arts in the Adelphi. It was to celebrate Red Cross Day, and the fascinating old musical instrument called a Pyrophone (see page 495) was brought from the Science Museum, where it was deposited in 1875 by Henri Dunant, founder of the Red Cross, about whom Professor Andrade gave a lecture. Lord and Lady Woolton and Sir Ernest and Lady Goodale received the guests, who included Lord and Lady Falmouth—she is deputy chairman of the Society—Dame Beryl Oliver, Sir Arthur and Lady Porritt, of New Zealand; Mons. and Mlle. Dunant; Lady White, wife of the Resident Minister of the Australian Government in the U.K.; and many more. Dr. Follett played the Pyrophone in the dark and the way the gas flames went up and down with the notes was very fascinating.

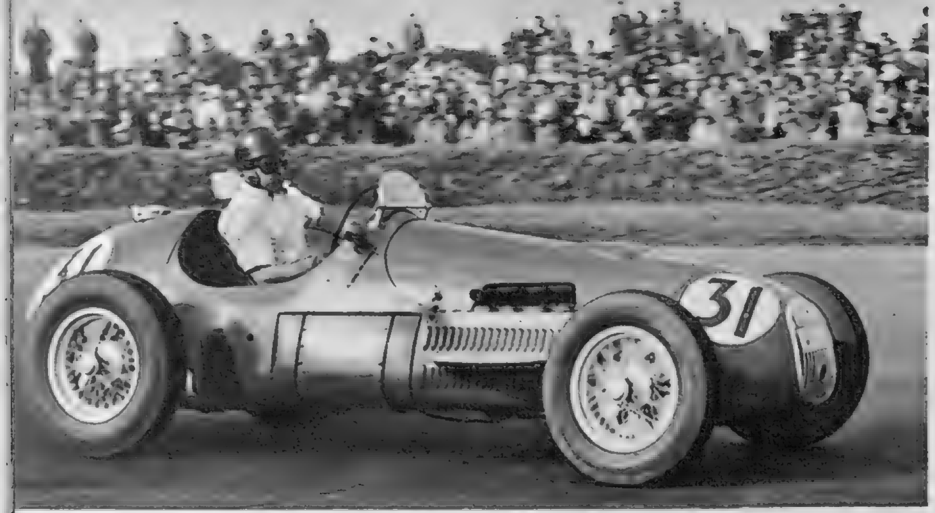
MAY 8.—POCKETS FOR THE BRIDESMAIDS. Major Rowland Winn and Miss Laurian Jones were married at the Norman church of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.

MAY 8.—BATS, BALLS AND BOXING GLOVES. The Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester at the British Industries Fair, behind a barricade of sports goods made in Pakistan.

MAY 8.—ROYAL ARRIVAL. King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark arriving at Liverpool Street Station for a week's private visit to England. While here, King Frederik will go to the reopening in London of the Danish Church, which was damaged by air raids.

MAY 9.—AT KEMPTON PARK. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill went to the races to see his horse run. With them are Lord Rosebery, *right*, Mr. Churchill's jockey, E. Smith; W. Nightingall, the trainer, and, *left*, Captain Soames.

MAY 9.—IN DENMARK. General Eisenhower, with Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, U.S. Ambassador to the Court of Copenhagen, arriving to address students.



MAY 10.—SATURDAY AT SILVERSTONE. Lance Macklin, in an H.W.M., winner of the International Trophy at Silverstone, is seen on the course.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

MAY 9.—News comes of the Flower Ball, which is to be at the Savoy on June 9, and sounds particularly attractive. The ballroom will be decorated with gifts of flowers : some from English gardens and others which are being flown from all over the world. The ball is in aid of St. Loyes College, Exeter, for the Rehabilitation of the Disabled, and some of this year's debutantes will be selling toys made by the St. Loyes trainees ; as well as posies and buttonholes of flowers. The Queen, when Princess Elizabeth, went to the ball last year and has always taken an interest in the College.

Mrs. Robert Boscawen is Chairman of the ball, and there is a large committee which includes Lady Clark, Mrs. Spencer Loch, Lady Rose Pepys, Miss Caroline Kirkwood, Miss Jennifer Lowther, Miss Mariegold Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Rosemary Buller, Mrs. Herbert Lane, Miss Venetia Lane, Mrs. Thomas Lilley, Mrs. David Matthew, Mrs. Francis Whigham, Miss Caroline Batt and many more, mostly young.

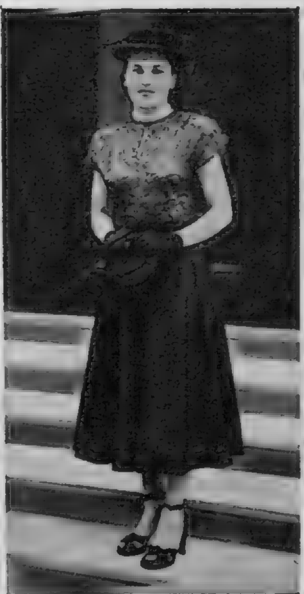
Carroll Gibbons is to conduct his Blue Room orchestra, and tickets, which include a three-course dinner, are £2 10s., from the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Beville Pain, 6, Smith Street, S.W.3.

MAY 10.—Captain and Mrs. W. A. T. Synge were in Norfolk at the week-end, at their home, The Old Hall, Barford, which they are soon leaving. Captain Synge's *Story of the Green Howards* has just been published, and it really is a story, telling of the men of all ranks in the regiment and describing vividly the stirring sequence of events in wartime. King Haakon of Norway, Colonel-in-Chief of the Green Howards, wrote a foreword. Captain Synge is a nephew of the famous Irish writer, John Synge, whose poetry and plays about the Irish are living long after him.

MAY 13.—Some of the pictures loaned or given to enliven embassies and consulates were on show at Lambeth Bridge House : the collection is the result of an appeal by Mr. David Eccles in the House of Commons. For Chiswick House, Queen Mary has presented a coloured photograph of *The Children of the Prince of Wales* playing at Chiswick House in 1872. Lord Wharton, whose father had a splendid collection of pictures at Halswell Park in Somerset, many of which were destroyed by a fire in the 'twenties, has lent a delightful *Portrait of a Lady* by Van Somer. She is dressed with gorgeous richness and clutches a comb with enormous teeth. Sir Bruce Ingram has lent some beauties to the collection, including an *Unknown Dutch Lady*, wearing masses of lovely jewels, by Salomen de Bray.

MAY 10.—COUNTRY WEDDING. Mr. Charles Richard Tomkinson and Miss Elizabeth Antoinette Harrison were married in Cheshire.

MAY 12.—LONDON WEDDING. Lieut.-Colonel D. N. Stewart married Miss P. R. Gosling ; he is a widower and his two children were bridesmaid and page.



MAY 14.—RECEPTION AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE. *From left,* Mr. Walter Gifford, U.S.A. Ambassador to Britain, and Mrs. Gifford ; Senora Luz Linares-Aranda, wife of the Guatemalan Minister ; Mme. Subandrio, wife of the Indonesian Ambassador ; Mme. Bianchi, wife of the Chilean Ambassador ; and U Ka Si, the Burmese Ambassador, with his wife. The reception was given by the Queen for married Ambassadors, Ministers and their wives.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

PORCELAIN PAS DE DEUX

These two Dresden china figures are Evelyn Ippen and Bettina Vernon, the only "two-girl" ballet company, whose *Ballet for Two* is due to be seen at the Royal Festival Hall on May 31. Both dancers are Austrian and began their careers in Vienna; after touring as solo dancers they started out together under the musical direction of Marcel Lorber and have had great success all over the world.

Saved by a Ghost

★

A Short, Untrue and Quite Impossible Story

★

By JOHN G. FINDLAY

"In the Room": A Problem Picture by Sir Alfred Munnings, P.P.R.A., on exhibition at this year's Royal Academy.

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Chapter I.

AFTER the death of Sir Francis Adam, the result of eating an unripe apple, his widow, the beautiful Lady Eve—who boasted a unique ancestry which, however, is no part of this story—continued to live on at the old family stronghold, Eden Castle, along with her two sons, Cain and Abel.

Abel, the younger of the two, made a success of his life. He joined the Socialist Party, and as a miner at the coal-face, with free coal, extra rations and an uncanny knack of evading P.A.Y.E., he quickly amassed a fortune.

His elder brother, Cain, however, was a very different soul. As heir to an ancient title, and to what he believed would be great wealth, he had joined a derelict society known as The Idle Rich, foolishly disregarding the fact that this one-time honourable community had been outlawed by Parliament and its members classed as lower than vermin.

Soon, however, he realised his mistake. Taxation devoured the revenues of the estates, until at last he discovered that his money was gone and his land mortgaged to the last acre.

It was then that Abel came to the rescue. He cared not a tinker's cuss for his brother's social position, or for the family home, which he believed should be taken over by the Coal Board—but he could not stand idly by and see his mother starve. He remembered the Socialist motto, "Fair shares for all," and for his mother's sake he decided to ignore his party principles and put this motto into practice. So he settled on her the sum of £20,000, knowing that at the coal-face, and as Treasurer of his local slate club, he would soon recoup the money.

Cain, meanwhile, was in desperate straits. By any means, fair or foul, he must obtain money. So, deeply in debt to the Inland Revenue and with ruin staring him in the face, he hatched a terrible plot. He persuaded his mother to make a Will, leaving the £20,000 to him, and he then proceeded callously to plan her death. Yes, *Murder!* That was the awful decision to which, in his extremity, he was driven, as the result of living in a Welfare State.

Chapter II.

Lady Eve had had a busy and tiring day. She retired early to bed and quickly fell asleep. She did not hear her bedroom door gently open, or the footsteps which silently crossed the richly-piled carpet. She did not know that her first-born son, on whom she had lavished so much love and affection, was standing by her, a bottle of poison in his hand, murder in his heart.

He had thought it all out. It would be so easy. He had nothing to do but place the bottle of poison between her lips, and before she was aware of what had happened, the dark deed would be accomplished. Then he would be free from this terrible financial worry which was constantly gnawing at his vitals and making life unbearable.

But "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." A sudden gust of wind through the open window caught the half-open door. It swung to with a sickening sound—that remorseless, soul-destroying "clank" that reminded him of a shilling dropping in the gas-meter. It made him shiver.

The noise awoke the sleeper, and at that very moment, as though it had been a signal from heaven, the spirit of her dead husband appeared by her bed, pointing an accusing finger at his unhappy son. Perhaps Providence had permitted him thus to appear in his astral body to warn his doomed wife. Or maybe he was trying to save his son from the consequences of such an awful crime. Who knows? In a paroxysm of terror, the would-be murderer dropped to the floor and quickly crawled out of sight round the end of the massive four-poster bed on which his mother lay.

And the mother—the intended victim of this horrible act—what of her? Suddenly awakened, she did not recognise in this ghostly visitor her departed husband. She mistook him for an Income Tax collector come to demand a further instalment of her overdue assessment. Gasping with fear, with a convulsive shudder she sat up in bed, her face contorted, her eyes dilated in a horrid stare. Then she mercifully lost consciousness and dropped back on her pillows, where her maid found her, lying in a state of high fever, the following morning.

Chapter III.

Slowly Lady Eve recovered from her ghastly ordeal. Her nerves were badly shattered, and the shock had turned her hair to a dusty grey. But, thanks to the influence of Abel, who by now had gone into Parliament and become a Cabinet Minister, she was given a free wig, even though her Health Insurance contributions were greatly in arrear.

Cain, who had recognised his father on that fateful night, was stricken with remorse, and after much heart-searching, decided to turn over a new leaf. He resigned his membership of The Idle Rich fraternity and entered the Church where, after a brilliant career, he eventually became a Bishop. In the House of Lords he strenuously opposed every measure giving freedom to psychic research and kindred subjects. He had had one experience of that sort of thing which had robbed him of a tidy sum of £20,000. He did not want another. Only the devil could have played him such a scurvy trick.

Lady Eve, who had her suspicions but wisely kept them to herself, tore up her Will in Cain's favour and left the money in trust to the Society of Peculiar Painters of Peculiar Pictures. The annual income of this trust is now devoted to procuring a prize for that peculiar painter producing the most perplexing Problem Picture of the year.

The line-up for the obedience tests: two puppies against fully-grown dogs. Performers in this canine cabaret included an Alsatian, a Kerry Blue and a Dalmatian. All obediently waited their turn.

GUIDE DOGS FOR THE BLIND

Charity Ball at Oxford

The local committee of The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association recently organised a dance at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford, raising about £200, which is £25 short of the cost of buying and training one dog. There are two training centres, one at Leamington Spa and the other at Exeter.

The chief organisers of the dance were Captain and Mrs. Revis (Capt. Revis, who is himself blind, has owned a white Alsatian guide dog called *Sandra* for four years). At the dance there were obedience tests by four dogs, a jumping demonstration by *Jinx*, a wire-haired terrier, and Mr. John Holmes paraded his well-known team of Corgis. The general manager of the Association, Mr. Roger Eckersley, was also there—he was an outstanding figure in the early days of the B.B.C.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

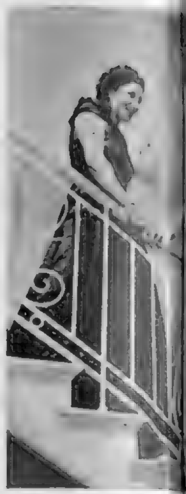
The jumping demonstration by *Jinx*, a wire-haired fox-terrier trained by Miss Trevethick, was one of the interesting events of the evening.

Lord Nuffield, chairman of the local Association, was unable to be there, but sent a cheque for £50, which was presented by his secretary, Mr. Kingerlee (*reading the message*), to Captain Revis; Mrs. Revis (*left*) and Alderman W. Osborn King, Mayor of Oxford (*right*), watch with interest.

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Captain Revis announces the results of the draw for raffle tickets, made by Donald Houston (*centre*). Councillor Windows (*right*) turns the drum; Mr. R. G. Forsyth is in the foreground with *Sandra*, Captain Revis's guide dog.

Mr. P. Miller, Mrs. Heather, Mr. E. J. Heather and Miss Sally Abraham, whose dress was a young girl's dream.

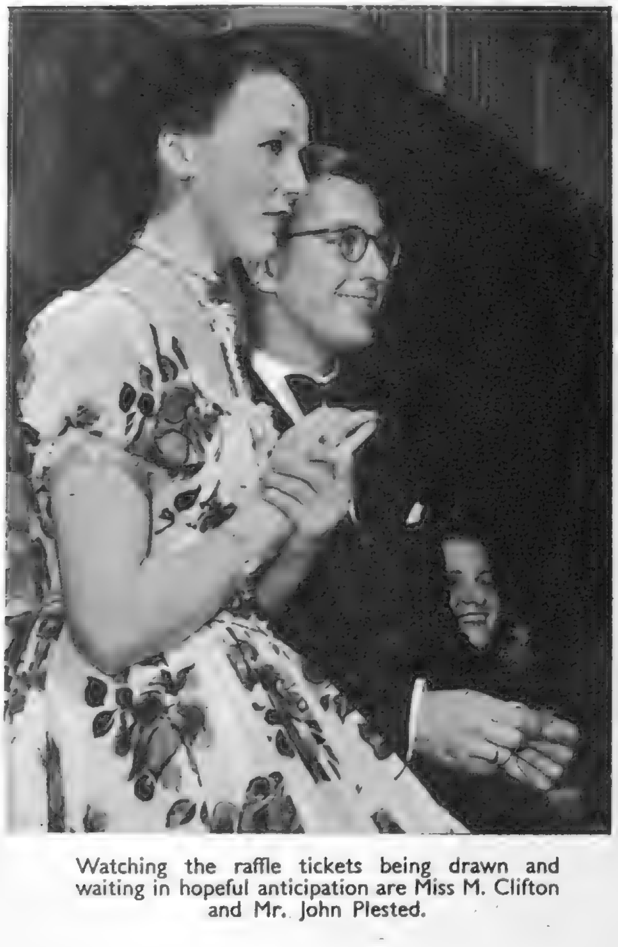


L. to r., Miss O
Miss Kingerlee
betw

A basket of fruit was raffled during the evening and here are two of the enthusiastic ticket-sellers, Miss Janet Smith and Miss Pamela Gordon-Tull.

GUIDE DOGS FOR THE BLIND

Charity Ball at Oxford (*Continued.*)



Watching the raffle tickets being drawn and waiting in hopeful anticipation are Miss M. Clifton and Mr. John Plested.

Local committee of the Association, *l. to r.*, Councillor Blanchford, Mrs. Revis, Councillor Plested, Councillor and Mrs. Windows, Captain Revis, Mr. R. G. Forsyth, Councillor Denis Organ and Miss Marjorie Organ.

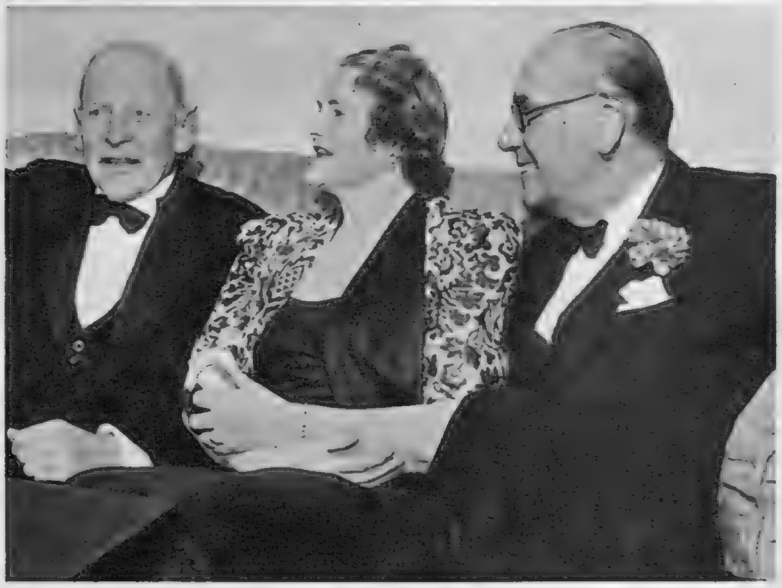
an, Mrs. Burton and e meet on the stairs en dances.

Restfully having some beer are, *l. to r.*, Flight Lieut. J. J. Field, Mr. Andreas, Mrs. Field and Mrs. Andreas.

L. to r., Mrs. W. Osborn King, Mr. Keith Holdsworth, Miss Tatiana Lialchoff and Alderman W. Osborn King.

Dancers through the looking-glass: Mrs. Hall and Lieut. T. Hall stand out a dance in an attractive setting.

general view of the dancing. The Randolph Hotel is a great old stitution in Oxford and there was plenty of room in the long, lower-decorated ballroom. The band was hedged off by hydrangeas.



L. to r., Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke Popham, Lady Brooke Popham, president of the Oxford Society for the Blind; and Mr. Roger Eckersley, general manager, Guide Dogs for the Blind Association.

Miss Cugswell tempts Mr. Hussey with an apple from the splendid basket of fruit she won.

Mr. Walker was telling the tale to Mr. Mace, Mrs. Pickup and Mrs. Walker. All four are well known where dogs are concerned.

Mr. Roger Livesey and Miss Ursula Jeans being introduced by Captain Revis to his guide dog, *Sandra*.

AT THE THEATRE . .

★ First Choice ★

AS YOU LIKE IT

(Stratford-upon-Avon)

IT was the right evening for *As You Like It*. Blossom wavered in Stratford gardens; between the theatre and the Tramway Bridge the swans of Avon were white upon sunlit silver; and the air across the Bancroft and the river-meadows was fresh with spring. It seemed indeed to be the time and place for Shakespeare's comedy of Arden; and our spirits sank when we arrived in the theatre to find that Glen Byam Shaw had resolved to plunge Arden into mid-winter. He had bared the boughs, chilled the wind, frozen the glade where, according to Charles the Wrestler, the Banished Duke and his courtiers fleeted the time carelessly "as they did in the golden world."

There is no reason, I suppose, why a producer should not shiver through the opening scenes if he feels that way. The text has pointers enough to low temperature. Yet somehow it seems needless. Visitors must take heart. While they "shrink with cold," they can remember that Mr. Shaw intends to do much better for them later in the evening; that presently he will unshrivel the forest and dapple Arden with the flowers that bloom in the spring.

Anyway, is the set the main thing to consider in an *As You Like It*? Certainly not. The comedy has been done better at Stratford in years that it is now customary to forget; but we can say at least that there has not been for two decades a better Rosalind than Margaret Leighton. She is spring-in-Arden; her performance graces a Festival which, until now, has had oddly few excitements. She is too restless, but you can call this, if you will, the restlessness of spring. I shall think of her when, as Ganymede, she enters the forest with Celia and Touchstone; when, towards the close of the play, she stands against Motley's alarming palm-tree and joins in the lovers' chime; and when, at the last, she comes out before the mingled folk of Arden to speak the Epilogue. (She gives to it more point and glitter than I have known in some thirty productions.) It would be so easy to turn Rosalind to a romping Dick Whittington, with attendant Cat ready to claw up the palm-bark. There is nothing of this in the new Stratford Arden; we can snatch a line from another comedy and say that Rosalind is the goddess upon whom the forest airs attend, a woman true and gentle, but ready with a jetting raillery.

Laurence Harvey is the right Orlando for this Rosalind: it is cheering to notice how he gets over one of Shakespeare's two worst couplets:

> Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
> From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother.

The sons of Sir Rowland are in good form in this revival, for David Dodimead (Oliver) does not blink an eye when he is talking about the serpent and the lioness; and Jerome Willis (the second son, Jaques de Boys) runs in at the end with any amount of aplomb to proclaim that all 's well everywhere, and Duke Frederick has met the Old Religious Man on the skirts of the forest.

When we have said this, what else? Not, I fear, very much. Michael Hordern knows about Jaques; Siobhan McKenna tries gallantly to pretend that she was designed for a Celia; and numbers of capable planners take us through an Arden that derives from early seventeenth-century French tapestry. But, the Rosalind excepted—Miss Leighton is its front and crown—it is not a production of the first excitement. Does Mr. Shaw really want those little boys with catapults? And need Martext topple into the pond (an effect I seem to remember from a revival by the Young Vic)? Well, never mind: it is Rosalind's Arden, and Rosalind is there.

Michael Bates as Touchstone and Jill Showell as Audrey.

L. to r., Margaret Leighton as Rosalind, Siobhan McKenna as Celia and David Dodimead as Oliver.

Margaret Leighton's Rosalind at a feminine moment.

Margaret Leighton as Rosalind with Laurence Harvey as Orlando.

Michael Hordern as Jaques.

. . with J. C. TREWIN

★ Also Chosen ★

THE MORTIMER TOUCH

(Duke of York's)

I DON'T know what the shade of Ben Jonson might say about this farcical comedy by Eric Linklater. The scene is modern Edinburgh; but the play derives from *The Alchemist* and the London of 1610. Mortimer, the charlatan and "atom doctor" (this is something Jonson knew nothing about) is the modern alchemist, the "cunning man"; Connie O'Leary, who can be anything from an Irish termagant to a curtsying parlourmaid, corresponds to Dol Common; and the Duke of Applecross, beguiled by Mortimer's golden show, is the new Sir Epicure Mammon, gulled by the philosopher's stone. We have even another Abel Drugger, the little tobacconist. Linklater has clearly enjoyed himself, and there is plenty for the average playgoer to enjoy, whether a student of Jonson or not. The piece becomes a romping, farcical procession, with the quack and his dupes running helter-skelter through the old house in Edinburgh; but, unlike most writers of farce, Linklater (though he has curious, leaden lapses) writes as a rule with style: the dialogue has often a gleam that should light the printed text.

The Mortimer Touch is dullest when it strays into Scottish Nationalism — these passages seemed more at home in the Edinburgh Festival production—and happiest when George Relph, as the Duke, with mild eye and ruminating croon, is considering life as a long avenue of carpets (to be capered over by a pack of Austrian domestics). Not much like Epicure Mammon, but a charming fellow. The charlatan is Roger Livesey, with his jellied voice and velvety approach (the part of the abracadabra-man, tactfully cut, comes out better than at Edinburgh); and Pamela Brown has a versatile night in a series of charade turns that cannot offer too much trouble. Of the others I like best Molly Urquhart, John Garley and William Mervyn. The whole business, uneven though it may be, does hold the stage throughout its long evening.

AFTER MY FASHION

(Ambassadors)

THIS must be the first time that a London theatre programme has contained the map of an expedition across a desert in Tibet. The desert is the Khublai, and beyond it are the Khan Mountains (Diana Morgan, the dramatist, must have been reading something). We gather that, during the thirty-five days of the expedition, three men die, two are killed accidentally, and one goes out of his mind and is lost.

It seems odd that this map is in the programme of a play set in a Chiswick Mall drawing-room. But we discover that, twenty years after the famous Starcross expedition, a film is to be made of it, and the widows of the dead men must be consulted. Before long the lid is off an astonishing cauldron of deceit. Christian Starcross (real name, Leonard Williamson) was as much of a charlatan as Mortimer in Linklater's farce, but he was more dangerous: a man who would stick at nothing for the sake of "immortality." What should the film people do, knowing the truth? Should the film be made and the inspiring Starcross legend be preserved? Miss Morgan has devised a strongly theatrical drama, marred by early sluggishness and passages of glossy-facile dialogue, but with a good central theme in the fight between wife (Sonia Dresdel) and mistress (Valerie White). Miss Dresdel may take her time in these days; even so, she is too sure an actress to blur any point: her malevolent-lynx manner is, as usual, thoroughly effective, and she is aided by the steady sincerity of Valerie White, an actress who can certainly shore up a poor part.

The Mortimer Touch. Pamela Brown, *top*, in her part as Connie, with Roger Livesey as Professor Mortimer; *middle*, mock-prissy, she is with John Garley as Shinney; *bottom*, as Miss Irresistible, with Richard Pearson as Tom Thistleton.

Present and Future

ONE of the most successful intimate revues of our time is to go into a second edition. This is *The Lyric Revue*, the first edition of which closes at the Globe on June 28, after more than a year's run at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and in the West End. The second helping reaches the Globe Theatre on July 10, with a cast, headed by Graham Payn, George Benson, Joan Heal and Dora Bryan, that remains unchanged.

There is other stirring in the revue world. From to-night (May 21) the Irving Theatre will present *Swing Back the Gate*, in which the most popular sketches and songs of the famous Gate revues (1936-1940) will be revived. Robert MacDermot produces.

A NEW ACKLAND

We have had to wait for nine years for a new original play by Rodney Ackland (though he has made various adaptations). His last was *The Dark River* in 1943. Now we are to have *The Pink Room*, a drama set in London between VE day and VJ Day, just before the first post-war General Election. Hermione Baddeley and Heather Stannard will lead the cast; Frith Banbury directs; and the play, which opens at Brighton on June 9, goes to the Lyric, Hammersmith, during the following week.

COMING UP

The three productions next week make a surprising trio. *Timon of Athens*, which I saw last (in modern dress at Birmingham) in the company of the Director of the National Theatre of Greece, opens at the Old Vic next Wednesday (May 28). On the night afterwards we find Arden in Regent's Park, with Mary Kerridge as the Rosalind of Robert Atkins's revival of *As You Like It*, Basil Hoskins as Orlando, and Judith Stott as Celia. And on Friday, May 30, there is a revival (at the Fortune) of *Murder in Motley*, the "comedy-thriller" by Ingram D'Abbes and Fenn Sherie.

FOR COLLECTORS

It is a very long time since Shakespeare collectors have had so extraordinary a chance as they are to have at the Old Vic. When *Timon of Athens* ends, the Bristol Old Vic company returns to London in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (beginning on June 30 for three weeks). After this Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory company will bring to London, for three weeks, one of the finest Shakespeare productions of the year (which I have already reviewed in *The Sketch*), the revival of *King Henry the Sixth, Part One*, directed by Douglas Seale.

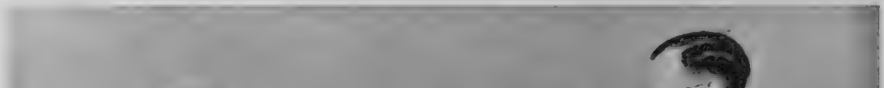
GETTING AROUND

To-night (Wednesday), Jack de Leon presents at the Vaudeville *Sweet Madness* by Peter Jones, in which Richard Attenborough, Geraldine McEwan and Robin Bailey have the three leads. The piece, a joke at the expense of psychologists, was done not long ago at Kew under the title of *Song of the Centipede*; Jack Minster produces it. . . . Glen Byam Shaw has become co-director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. . . . *Blue for a Boy* has passed its 600th performance at Her Majesty's. . . . Douglas Campbell and Irene Worth are to play the leads in *Macbeth* for the Old Vic in South Africa.

L. to r., Mme. Brusselmans, M.B.E., who passed 173 airmen through her flat in Brussels to safety; her daughter, Mlle. Yvonne Brusselmans, who lived with her mother all through the war; Marshal of the R.A.F. and Chief of Air Staff, Sir John Slessor; Mons. J. Michiels.

L. to r., Wing Cdr. R. C. Williams, Air Marshal Sir Bas Embry, chairman of the R.A.F. Escaping Society; Majo Sir Jocelyn Lucas, who was a prisoner during the Fir World War; and Sir Frederick Handley Page.

"RAFS" WHO ESCAPED RENEW OLD FRIENDSHIPS WITH THEIR CONTINENTAL RESCUERS AT A RECEPTION IN LONDON



Major Huskisson, M. Jean de la Olla, who was awarded the George Medal for his bravery when tortured by the Germans—instead of swearing he recited the "Ave Maria"—Mrs. Joan Robinson and Mr. Geoffrey Robinson.

For the R.A.F. in wartime, zero hour could be any time. For those who baled out over occupied countries—and also escaping prisoners—a great deal depended on help from local people. This was generally spontaneously and widely given, although it involved the probability of death, torture or concentration camps.

At the Simpson's Services Club reception on May 2, at which the French and Belgian Ambassadors were guests, Sir Basil Embry, chairman of the R.A.F.E.S., emphasised the comparative cushiness of the escaping or evading air-crews' prospects provided they survived—a mere kick, clout and prison camp. To the many who risked so much more to help, however, we obviously owe, besides the gratitude any ordinary human must feel, an enormous moral obligation.

It is to fulfil this that the R.A.F.E.S. exists, and the party photographed here, besides being a cheerful reunion of the R.A.F. with the survivors of those who helped them in the war, was an opportunity to stress the aims and achievements of the Society.

Lord Portal is President and the main objects are to keep alive the friendships fostered by danger in the occupied countries during the war. To keep in touch with the surviving brave helpers, their widows and orphans, holidays over here are arranged, financial help provided; even schooling is beginning to materialise, a preparatory school in Kent having offered its hospitality to a chosen pupil, Michel Dricot, aged ten.

Members of the Society, Mr. Butlin and the Rotary International, have made holidays for fifty children possible this year, which is double last year's number, and it is hoped that it will be doubled again next year, though the Society is greatly in need of funds and depends entirely on members' subscriptions and voluntary contributions.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Titman and their daughter Gillian. Mr. Titman was one of the R.A.F. escapers and is a member of the Society.

General Wood, of the U.S.A., and Mr. Paul Brickhill, author of *Escape to Danger* and *The Dam Busters*, both best-sellers.

Dr. Leonard S. Simpson, host at the party, and President of the Simpson's Services Club, which continues the good work it did during the war.

Sir Basil Embry receives a captured German flag from M. Louis Roturier, President of the Franco-British Association in Vienna.

Mr. Anthony Snell, *left*, is now a film actor ; both he and Flight Lieut. Weaver escaped from Italy during the war and had much to discuss.

Mlles. Françoise and Martine Sors, who lived in their aunt's house while she helped many men to escape through it ; Mlle. Yvonne Brusselmans, Mons. Louis Roturier and Mrs. K. Boyer.

Mme. Brusselmans with some of the men she helped to escape : *left*, Denis Hornsey and Flight Lieut. Norfolk ; *right*, Douglas Eldridge and Jerry Lorne. The party was a very happy reunion.

H. E. BATES

as Rupert Croft-Cooke sees him

(Mr. Bates' new book of country life, " The Country of White Clover," is to be published next Monday, May 26, by Michael Joseph.)

WITH one reservation the story of H. E. Bates is the old-fashioned success story—from village boy to distinguished and best-selling writer. The one reservation is the fact that, although the distinction has been his since his first novel was published twenty-five years ago, he did not produce a best-seller until the war, so that he can never be more than a very moderately rich man. The Inspectors of Inland Revenue will see to that, as they will with all artists whose success has come since 1940.

Otherwise the story accords with precedent. It is one not only of natural talent, but of the right kind of ambition, of long, industrious effort, of patience and poverty and at last of sudden, almost overwhelming triumph. He is the only living writer to have achieved the distinction of being called by his initials, like G. K. Chesterton, or H. G. Wells, and the fact that his might stand for ambassadors or high-explosives does not deter his friends, for whom he is always " H.E." Only those strange people who study reference books about contemporaries know that they stand, normally enough, for Herbert Ernest.

In the South of England we are apt to think of all Northerners and Midlanders as townsmen and industrial workers. H. E. Bates was born in the small Northamptonshire town of Rushden, but by hereditary and natural inclination, he has never been anything but a countryman. And he has never wanted to follow any calling but that of a writer. Before he left school he quietly set about the job he had chosen, and before he was twenty had completed his first novel, *The Two Sisters*, which was published, with a preface by Edward Garnett, before he was twenty-one.

H. E. BATES

He always produced the impression of being committed, or perhaps dedicated, to special purposes, and this gave the rest of us little sympathy with him when we were all contributing our first bits and pieces to the short-lived highbrow reviews of those days. While we racketed about London and talked of what we were going to write, H.E. got down to it and began publishing the long series of short stories and novels which has continued till to-day. I don't think we liked him much for this virtuous assiduity. And when at the age of twenty-six he married a girl from a village near his home town and settled down to produce and bring up a family, I expect we called him bourgeois.

Not that it would have worried H.E., even if he had known it. He was far too concerned with the little cottage he had bought in an out-of-the-way Kentish village. Between him and his seventeen-year-old wife and their parents, they managed to get together enough furniture to make it habitable, and when they moved in, the top of the van was packed with boxes of the plants which Bates had been raising for their new home.

His next ten years will sound dull to those who expect a writer to starve, or die of consumption, or run away with another man's wife, but they were a time of almost incredible achievement, for, without ever reaching more than a small esoteric public with his books, he succeeded in keeping himself, his wife and the four children who were born to them, in making a garden and improving his house. To do this he scarcely missed a day at his desk, and wrote nature articles, reviews and countless short stories as well as several novels.

He had his more exotic longings though. His wife describes him as falling asleep in an armchair at night when at last he had stopped writing, with a pile of bulb catalogues on one side of him and a collection of travel agency leaflets on the other. His one abiding ambition was to travel, but it was not until the year before the war that he was able to get as far as Yugoslavia.

A year after the outbreak of war, he was given a commission in the R.A.F., his job being to write short stories. This must have been the first time in history that one of the fighting services employed a novelist in his own capacity—though there has never been any shortage of fiction in official reports ! The results startled everyone, including H.E. himself, for the instantaneous and reverberating success of the Flying Officer X stories was as deafening as the explosion of a land-mine. What he had never achieved for his own profit, he had done as a uniformed officer whose sales did not benefit him directly.

It was only a beginning, though, since books under his own name, *Fair Stood the Wind for France* and *The Cruise of the Breadwinner*, so interpreted the spirit of fighting Britain that their sales ran into scores of thousands. He became one of the biggest sellers of our time. He was sent to the East, and the countries of India and Burma, which he had long wanted to see, so enchanted him that he says now that he never passes a day without thinking of them.

And the result ? How does the Cinderella motif work out in real life ? What was Dick Whittington like as Lord Mayor of London ? It is all very right and cheering. H. E. Bates is a comfortable-looking paterfamilias with one grown-up and three teen-age children. And all his ambitions are being realised one after another. Instead of leaving the cottage and garden, into which so much work had gone during the lean years, he has beautified and enlarged both. For his front door he ordered a Queen Anne hooded porch in perfect keeping and period with the house as another man might order a new hat. For his walls he has at last been able to buy the pictures he has wanted since boyhood. A shining, black-tiled bathroom shimmers at the end of the passage. The garden is a lovesome thing God wot. He entertains generously, but not pretentiously. He has not, in other words, launched out on a new life, but while continuing to live in his Kentish home has done all the things he wanted to do and planned to do one day. A lesson to the suddenly emancipated.

See him, then, coming home from a committee meeting of his local village cricket club, a stocky, sunburnt man whose bright silver-grey hair looks slightly absurd and irrelevant above a young, enthusiastic face. Still a keen gardener. Still an industrious writer who sits for fixed periods at his desk in the summer-house. Still looking for the perfect phrase which for the most part eludes every member of his calling. Still uneccentric. Still busy, happy and absorbed. The good boy of modern letters.

"Fifteen hundred pounds!" announces Mr. Perker, Mr. Pickwick's lawyer, when he arrives with the writ in the Bardell *v.* Pickwick case.

The case must go on, and Mr. Pickwick shakes his fist at Serjeant Buzfuz, saying: "Justice, I demand Justice!" Mrs. Bardell is between them.

The happy ending in the Fleet Prison. On the left Sam Weller embraces Mary; from Mr. Pickwick's left are Tupman, Winkle and Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick, twinkling and tippling.

MR. PICKWICK IN TOWN

The Trial of Mr. Pickwick, by Stanley Young, opened at the Westminster Theatre on Thursday, May 15. It is based on incidents in *The Pickwick Papers* and has an enormous cast; among those in our photographs are Bartlett Mullins as Mr. Pickwick; Victor Maddern playing Sam Weller; Kathleen Boutall as Mrs. Bardell; Basil Cunard in the part of Serjeant Buzfuz; Jill Bennett playing Mary; and Rex Garner, Derek Tansley and Philip Leaver as Snodgrass, Winkle and Tupman. Others with important parts are Peter Copley, who plays Jingle; Viola Lyel as Rachel Wardle; Enid Lindsey in the part of Mrs. Leo Hunter; and Charles Doran as the Judge. The play is presented by Thane Parker and the scenery designed by Roland Pym.

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

WE do hope that the B.B.C. will not become too frightened. This timid, controversy-shunning body must surely be feeling a little alarmed that every innovation or experiment it makes with television is attended with such a "fussilade" of comment. The writing is on the wall; television is destined to become a far, far greater influence in our lives than the pioneers ever dreamed of. The public, instinctively feeling this, reacts accordingly. TV is big news and vital news.

Take only the recent inauguration of the modest experiment in school broadcasts. Six Middlesex secondary schools were chosen as guinea-pigs. They have been lent receivers by the manufacturers and the B.B.C. have planned twenty 20–30-minute programmes for them. Transmission is over a closed circuit, sound being land-lined to the schools and vision coming over a special wavelength, not available to ordinary receivers. The total audience of these programmes is about 1000.

Yet the reaction to this experiment showed that the public considered it a major event. It made not only the headlines, but intruded into the leader columns and readers' correspondence. They even dragged up the Archbishop of Canterbury's strictures on television (which we considered too silly for comment at the time) made a little while ago.

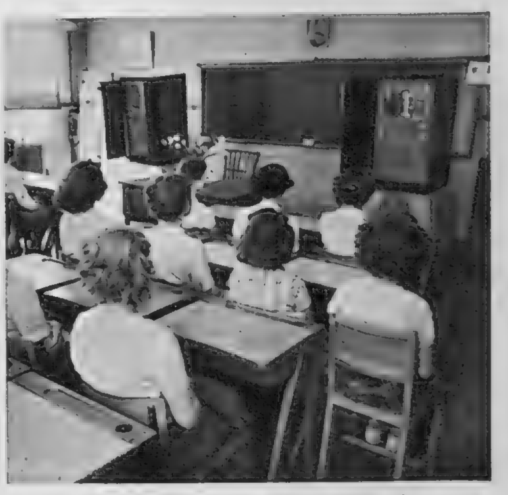
Well, it *was* a major event; but only if considered in the perspective of the future. For, to quote an official statement, "The purpose of this first experiment is not to test the suitability of the receiving equipment or to reach any conclusion about the desirability of inaugurating a School Television Service. It is to try out a variety of programme techniques and to test their effectiveness for presenting educational material to children viewing in classrooms. This first experiment will prepare the way for a bigger experiment later on, planned to throw light on the wider technical and educational problems."

We saw one of these programmes—explaining how an aircraft flies—and it gave one every reason to believe that television could be an invaluable *aid* to education. It has the advantage of being able to provide expert instructors in each subject and it possesses facilities for visual demonstration, like films, diagrams, models and animated cartoons, not readily available to the average school. It has, however, the disadvantage of being impersonal. But that objection is met by the declaration by the School Broadcasting Council (consisting of over fifty professional educators) and the B.B.C., that there is no intention of supplanting the school teacher. Education is, after all, a very personal matter.

Before television can become universal in our schools many problems will have to be solved—and these are largely a matter of the design, cost and provision of suitable receivers. But one day, we are confident to predict, the new medium will supplant Sound in school broadcasts. With children, even more than with grown-ups, seeing is believing.

At any rate, if what we saw was a fair sample, the scheme has got off to a good start.

Meanwhile the regular programmes of the period under review have been made memorable by two virtuoso performances—both by men. In a quiet, fireside manner, but infinitely satisfying, Godfrey Tearle chose to read from Kipling's poems for his "Solo Performance." Too few actors, to-day, seem to realise how beautiful our English language can be made to sound by the use of the human speaking voice as a musical instrument. Sir Godfrey is to be thanked for reminding us.



Experimental Television for six selected Middlesex schools—"the scheme has got off to a good start," says our critic.

On the other hand, we could not award many marks for vocal beauty or restfulness to Sir Thomas Beecham, when he appeared in the first of "The Conductor Speaks" series. His voice was high-pitched and, when he spoke, he was in a constant fidget, rocking in every direction until one felt dizzy. But what a fascinating programme it was! Sir Thomas is a spell-binder, whether he is conducting or speaking, and no one could look more aware of it than he. Truly he is one of the greatest showmen on earth and we mean that as a compliment. The wicked twinkle in his eye, the acid of his wit, and the cynical chuckle of self-appreciation are no accidents, no incidentals of personality, one feels. Surely they are as carefully planned as the supreme musical patterns he creates through the medium of the performers under his bâton? If we had hoped that he and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra would have chosen to play a less lightweight programme, there was no flaw in the immaculacy of the performance, nor of Philip Bate's handling of the broadcast. He used his cameras with discretion and dignity, and we were grateful for a long, uninterrupted first-violin's view of the world's greatest conductor at work.

We hope that the subsequent editions of "The Betty Driver Show" will be a considerable improvement upon the first. We have no fault to find in Miss Driver as an artist of her *genre*, but Mr. Kenneth Milne Buckley, who is credited with having devised and produced the show, cannot be congratulated. May we recommend him to the advantage of a semblance of shape to a programme, an avoidance of unwitty television self-legpulls and some sort of appearance that the show has been rehearsed?

The subject of rehearsals must be a painful subject to Harold Clayton, who has undertaken to produce Bernard Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* in five weekly instalments. Each episode, we hear, is being given four weeks of rehearsal, so the overlapping of Mr. Clayton's activities must be fearsome. We congratulate him and the actors of the first two episodes. The manner of it is certainly first-rate. Whether the matter of this "Metabiological Pentateuch" is worth all this trouble is not so certain. The play contains both profound thought and arrant nonsense, but the writing is superb and shows Shaw at the flood of his command of the English language. It also finds him at the ebb of his stagecraft. It is a play for the armchair, rather than the stage.

The same might apply to Robert Christie's adaptation of H. G. Wells's novel, *Love and Mr. Lewisham*. In fact, we don't know why Mr. Christie bothered, for it is a rambling story, and, one would have thought, impossible to give the dramatic shape that even a television play needs. However, Douglas Allen produced with a delightfully light and humane hand.

Opera appears at the bottom of the viewers' popularity poll, and we are afraid that the latest offering, Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, was not likely to lift it from there. True there are signs that George Foa is making headway in his production technique and in persuading singers to act, but this time it was the singing that let the show down. It was at moments not singing, but yelling, and the consequent effect upon some of the *ensembles* was quite horrid.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

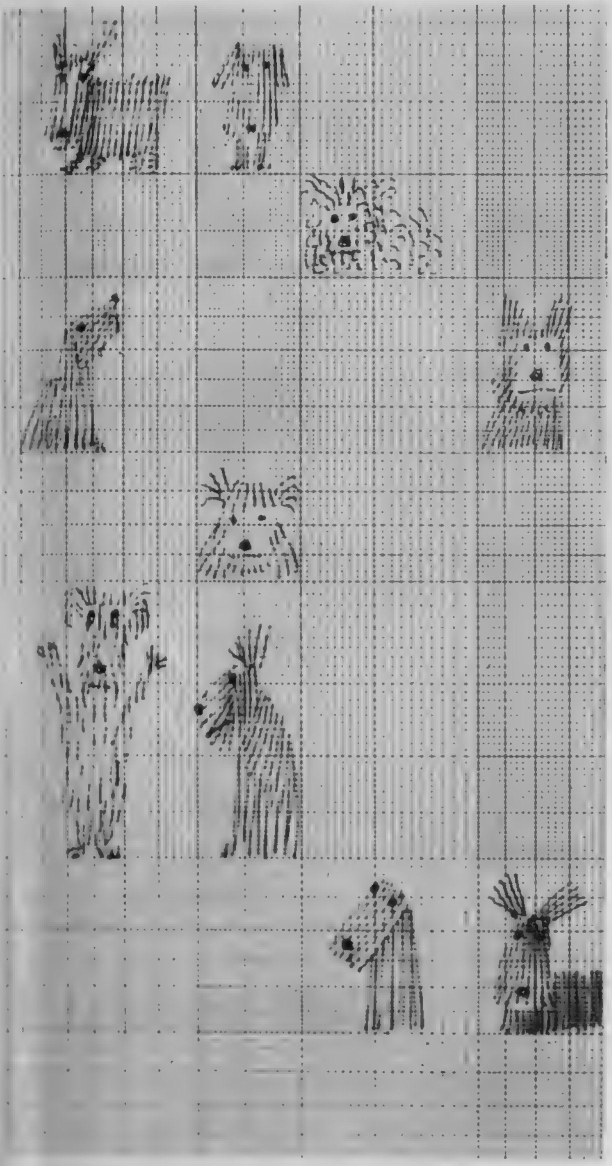
BACK TO METHUSELAH, produced by Harold Clayton, continues for another two Tuesdays (May 27 and June 3) with a varied but distinguished cast, too numerous to list here.

The Rising Twenties, a documentary series which has already dealt sympathetically with the problems of youth, seen through boys' eyes, now, in the Third Programme on Friday night (May 23), turns to a large department store for its material. The programme is called *Sales Girl*, and will try to give an insight to the problems and outlook of some of the thousands of teen-age girls who work in the retail trade.

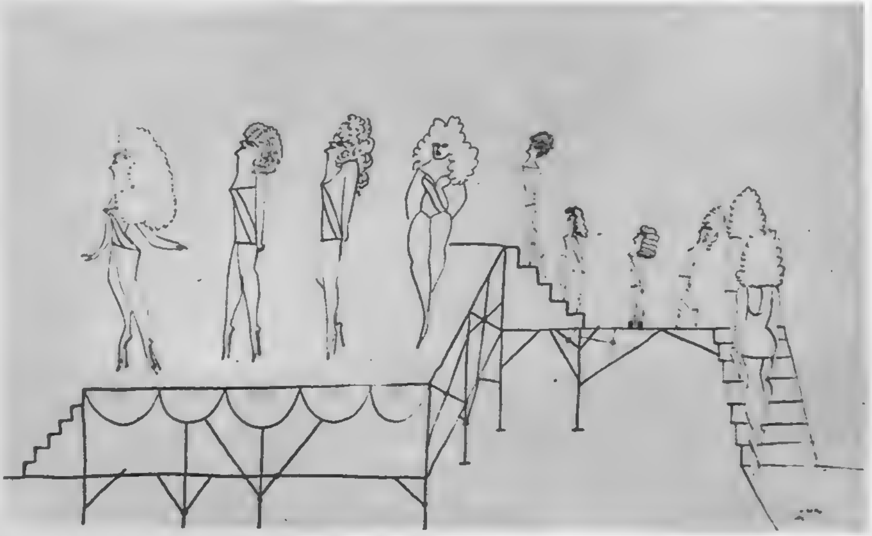
There will be an all-male cast for *Lines of Communication* by Paul Scott, to be broadcast on May 25 and 29. The play has an Eastern background—India and Burma, to be precise—and is a psychological study of the relationships, in the Air Supply Command, between the officers themselves and between them and the men. Ian Atkins is producing; playing leading parts are David Oxley, Roger Snowden and Abraham Sofaer.

Apparently viewers are to see the finish of the Six-Day Cycle Race at the Empire Pool, Wembley, on Saturday night. No doubt that will be a treat for those who like that sort of thing. But now the O.B. season is getting into its stride there will be much to interest the sports fan. Scottish and other viewers may like to be reminded that the only Highland Games to take place outside Scotland can be seen—again on Saturday—from the White City Stadium. If anyone is in doubt as to just how and where a caber should be tossed, have a look at this broadcast.

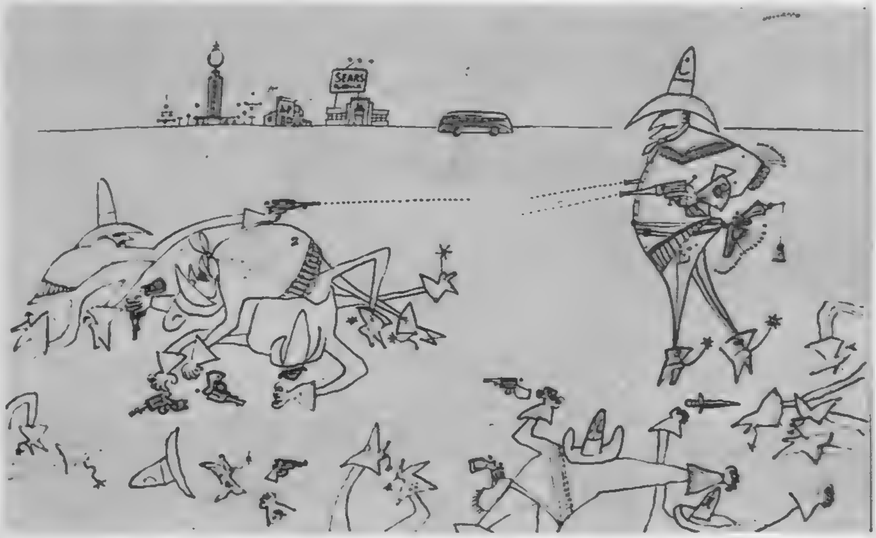
By the way, George Cansdale, that popular Zoo man, will be giving his last broadcast until the autumn on May 31. This is to be a sort of a Request Programme, featuring the most popular animals of past occasions. Please can we see Prince, the cheetah, again?



DOGS. The deprecating Steinberg dogs show every sign of having been booted around a bit by the brutal and licentious cowboys and their molls with whom they have to live.



BEAUTY CONTEST. Off with the Motley seems to be the slogan of the stronger sex as they fiercely compete for attention and the all-Steinbergian beauty title.



COWBOYS. There are cowboys at their dastardly work in several of the drawings exhibited ; these few seemed to be nearing the end of a day's frolic.

NEW LAUGHS FROM NEW YORK

Saul Steinberg, like Thurber and Charles Addams, has created his own world ; a Steinberg man, woman, or animal could have come from no other planet of the imagination. The Steinbergians have immense, glee-providing vitality, violence and vulgarity ; only their animals are capable of modesty and humility, and then only some of them—the cats are extremely tough and rowdy-looking characters.

Although he is Roumanian by birth and Italian by education, Saul Steinberg and his riotous world are unmistakably American by inspiration. He was born in 1914 and studied sociology and psychology at Bucharest University ; afterwards got a degree in architecture at Milan ; has been in the U.S.A., on the staff of *The New Yorker*, since 1942. The drawings reproduced are from the exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Dover Street

WOMEN. Time has marched on with these cookies, but they haven't wasted it, judging by their furs, faces, and occupational disease of shopping.

OUR BOOKSHELF

NOW LEAD US HOME. By Gwyn Thomas. (*Gollancz ; 12s. 6d.*)
LET IT COME DOWN. By Paul Bowles. (*John Lehmann ; 12s. 6d.*)
BARMY IN WONDERLAND. By P. G. Wodehouse. (*Herbert Jenkins ; 9s. 6d.*)
THE BATTLE OF BALTINGLASS. By Lawrence Earl. (*Harrap ; 12s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THERE is talent of an unusual kind in *Now Lead Us Home*, the novel with which Mr. Gwyn Thomas has followed *The World Cannot Hear You.* It is full of sound and fury, a cascade of words gushing out without pause and without restraint. This author has been likened to others as varied as Damon Runyan and Rabelais, but I think we should look far nearer home for the influences which have helped to make his riotous and irresponsible prose. To me it suggests the poetry of Dylan Thomas and, even more strongly, the novels of John Cowper Powys. His seemingly effortless rhetoric never flags ; it rises at times to real beauty and, at others, rouses loud and ribald laughter. It is euphuistic and full of far-fetched metaphor and it works on the reader like some abracadabra, forcing him to listen to its cadences and drum-beats. The story told here is little more than formula and the characters have only the jumpy vitality of overpainted puppets, with the grimaces of servility, pride, lust, fear permanently stamped on them. It concerns a castle and the town three miles away. The castle, Glimley, was "a large distinguished building composed in many styles," the town, Ferncleft, was "a place where beauty was kept as secret as the sewage." The story tells of the attitude of the towns-people, the voters as Mr. Thomas calls them, towards the American armaments millionaire who buys the castle and brings his mistress to live there. He names some of these voters and marks them down—Hughie Purcell, "a short, strong, lively man," Mark Lane, "a leading sage in the draughts-room of the Library and Institute," Gomer Powell, "one of the biggest men in Ferncleft, coarse in his gestures, slow in his thought." And so on—a long catalogue of men and women who speak and act as they are required for the wordy purposes of the author. But there is no real drama in their antics, for they lack some element of reality existing in two dimensions. An interesting piece of work, though, and certainly alive with promise.

Gwyn Thomas, author of *Now Lead Us Home*, reviewed on this page.

ANOTHER second novel following a much-praised first one is *Let It Come Down*, by Paul Bowles. It is somewhat disappointing because this author's earlier book, *The Sheltering Sky*, led one to hope great things of him. He has not yet managed to overcome a rather painful amateurishness which spoils his work, an uncertainty both of plan and characterisation. Moreover, in this book, he is concerned with a number of people who are corrupt, dissolute and uninteresting and, although he follows their various lives assiduously, revealing them in turn, he does not succeed in giving them any importance in the reader's mind, perhaps because his own attitude seems to be not merely detached, but indifferent. The central character is an American bank clerk called Nelson Dyar, who throws up a secure job at home to join a friend who has a tourist agency in Tangier. The agency turns out to be a shady concern and Dyar drifts into crime without reluctance or regret, robs, drugs himself with hashish and finally becomes a murderer. It is difficult to feel much concern about his degeneration because it was there potentially from the first and because he is neither a tragic nor a sympathetic figure. The atmosphere of North Africa, however, is well conveyed, and the actual scenes depicted are made vivid by the author's flair for descriptive reality. One can sweat and shiver with these people even if one does not care about them.

PROBABLY Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's new novel, *Barmy in Wonderland*, is as good as any he has written, as full of the old uproarious inanity, the divinely silly people, the larger-than-life millionaires, the gaily bewitching young women whom we knew and loved in the 'twenties and early 'thirties. But they can never again endear themselves to us as once they did and now strut and fume in a limbo to which we cannot help applying that most cruel term "dated." The names of Mr. Wodehouse's characters twenty years ago appeared to be apt and funny, but to-day Cyril Fotheringay-Phipps seems, as the name of the principal character, to have something corny about it and his nickname of Barmy sounds flat and dull. Mr. Wodehouse has not changed—there are fortunes made and lost in this novel, there are magnetic magnates, girls who seem to enraptured young men "like some ethereal spirit possessed of what it takes," people addressed as "laddie," and a cheerful shake-up of the English peerage and Broadway tycoons, just as in the early books. But we have changed. We may see the grace and humour of the story, we shall certainly laugh more than once, but we cannot have the affection for Barmy and his friends that we felt for Mr. Wodehouse's characters when they were our contemporaries. The mixture is as before, but we no longer feel the need of it.

IT is a pleasure to find such a first-class piece of reporting as Mr. Lawrence Earl's *The Battle of Baltinglass*. This may not be literature in any grandiose sense of the word, but how much more workmanlike and efficient is its very professional handling of actualities than the more pretentious work of the old-fashioned journalists, who sought to add weight to events by rolling periods and lofty analogies. Mr. Earl makes a job of it. He has in the first place a remarkable story to tell. The appointment, by the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in Mr. Costello's Government, of a young man named Michael Farrell to the sub-postmastership of the small Wicklow village of Baltinglass seemed at first like any other appointment, for Farrell was a man of good character, an officer in the L.D.V. and the owner of suitable premises. But it outraged public feeling in the town, since the post office had been run satisfactorily by the Cooke family for eighty years and Farrell's rival applicant was Helen Cooke, the niece of the retiring postmistress. This led to passive resistance, a boycotting of the new post office, much passion and talk all over Ireland and a news story which went out to the whole world, bringing vast numbers of letters of sympathy for Helen Cooke and of encouragement to her supporters. It also led, perhaps, to the fall of the Costello Government, or at least hastened it. Mr. Earl tells it all and the sequel to the struggle in swift and easy style, never belittling the people who fought, or doubting their devotion to justice.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SEA AND ME.
By Humphrey Barton. (*Ross ; 12s. 6d.*)

Sketches rather than stories of life at sea in a variety of craft. The author is a marine surveyor and imparts a good deal of technical information as he goes.

A CITY STIRS.
By Ashley Smith. (*Cleaver-Hume ; 12s. 6d.*)

Highly sentimental description of the Londoner's daily round.

EXPLORER'S SCOTLAND.
By Martin Thornhill. (*Skeffington ; 15s.*)

"There is so much to be seen," says the author, as he prepares to fire off his adjectives, "that is beautiful, spectacular, mighty, mysterious, fascinating, wonderful, romantic, strange." Why stop there? Roget will supply another dozen or two. But once Mr. Thornhill is among the sights and sounds of Scotland, he shows himself a less ecstatic guide who has missed few of the places most worth visiting.

SPYCATCHER.
By Lieut.-Col. Oreste Pinto. (*Werner Laurie ; 12s. 6d.*)

Colourful stories of Counter-Intelligence work by an officer who figures prominently in them.

THE NONSENSE SONGS OF EDWARD LEAR.
(*Grey Walls Press ; 4s. 6d.*)

All the immortal nonsense poems, apart from the limericks, with an Introduction by Leonard Russell.

THE BEST OF SAKI.
Introduction by Graham Greene. (*Bodley Head ; 6s.*)

Mr. Greene must have had a tough task in choosing the thirty-seven most characteristic and entertaining stories from the omnibus collection of Saki's works. He has done it with good judgment. But the next thirty-seven would have served almost as well.

FEARFUL PLEASURES.
By A. E. Coppard. (*Peter Neville ; 11s. 6d.*)

Mr. Coppard, who states categorically in his Foreword that he has not the slightest belief in the supernatural, here collects twenty-one of his most beautiful and frightening ghost stories.

THE SHOP WITH TWO WINDOWS.
By Jan Stewer. (*Westaway ; 10s. 6d.*)

A comfortably sentimental story of Devon life told in the idiom, but happily not in the dialect, of the West Country.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

Eighteen-year-old TERRY SUMMERS : For making professional scale models with amateur tools.

Terry, a practised model-maker, constructed this one of the Houses of Parliament in nine months, using only razor blades, a ruler, tweezers, cotton and balsa cement for putting together the 10,000 odd pieces.

VIOLET BARNES and WALLY FRYER : For making an annual habit of winning a dance championship.

Winners for the fifth time of the professional dancing championship at the *Star* Ball, Mr. Fryer and Miss Barnes have decided to retire.

Schoolteacher PETER FORBES ROBINSON : For combining a prize-winning voice with physical culture.

Mr. Robinson, a P.T. master at a Macclesfield school, recently won *The Great Caruso* singing contest. The prize was a year's free training at La Scala, Milan, with the hope of a subsequent operatic career.

MISS BARBARA HICKLENTON : For being the first woman Freeman of a City Company for 250 years.

Miss Hicklenton, who is only twenty-one, has become a Freeman of the Worshipful Company of Gold and Silver Wyre Drawers. She served her apprenticeship with a Holborn diamond merchant.

DR. D. H. FOLLETT : For being the first person to give a public performance on the "Singing Flames" instrument since 1875.

The Pyrophone was brought from the Science Museum to be played at the Royal Society of Arts on Red Cross Day, May 8. It was unsuccessfully sponsored here in 1875 by Henri Dunant, founder of the Red Cross.

SERGEANT FRANCIS SMITH : For making "Come to the cookhouse door" a worthwhile command.

Army food has lost its terrors for the chaps under Sergeant Smith, winner of the Southern Command's individual championship. He is being chaired by fellow-cooks.

Comet airliner G—ALYP : For giving Britain a five-years lead in trans-world travel.

The famous B.O.A.C. *Comet* is seen taking-off at London Airport for her historic flight to Johannesburg, which opened the world's first regular jetliner service. Actual flying time for the 6,724 miles was 18 hours 40 mins.

TALES WITH A STING

CONCERNING A PAIR OF ANKLES

By William Emms

"RUBBISH!" barked Pembleton, glaring at the little man who had suggested that bad memory runs in families.

"You could hardly say," he remarked, catching the eyes of such members as were within range, "that absent-mindedness is a trait of *my* family, yet my nephew Clarence—Clarence Pembleton, the author—suffers acutely from this complaint. In fact, he gets so wrapped up in the plots of his books and stories that at times nothing external will register on his mind. He meanders through life completely ignorant of what is going on about him. Mind you," Pembleton admitted, "this kind of thing has its awkward moments. I remember on one occasion. . . ."

Several experienced members of the club stole silently away into the night.

On the occasion I have in mind (Pembleton explained), my nephew Clarence was tottering along Regent Street with his head bowed and his eyes glazed with introspection, when suddenly there came into blurred view an exceedingly attractive pair of ankles.

Now please don't think (Pembleton excused his absent nephew) that the boy makes a practice of staring at ladies' ankles. Far from it. But on this occasion it struck him that there was something oddly familiar about this particular brace of same. Somewhere in the dark and mysterious caverns of his mind a miniature Hercules lifted a mallet and bashed a large brass gong with it. Clarence snapped back to reality, leaving the world of fiction to fend for itself for a while. His gaze focussed upon the aforementioned ankles and he noticed a small scar just above the right one. To make sure that he was seeing aright he bent a little closer. Yes, he knew those ankles. There was no longer a shadow of doubt in his mind. Everything was crystal-clear. There remained only one problem—to whom did they belong?

Now any other person in the world but my nephew Clarence would have naturally inspected the upper regions of the person, and thus arrived at a satisfactory solution to the problem of identity. But it so happened that at the time of this occurrence the boy had recently embarked on a course of memory-training and even had he thought of lifting his gaze he would not have done so. The course had distinctly instructed him: "Do not give in to your memory, but force your thoughts back."

So these ankles moved briskly on down Regent Street, followed by a much-puzzled Clarence, who was by this time bent almost double, as though suffering from severe pains in the stomach.

A small boy, waiting outside a shop for his fond parent, forsook his post and trotted along behind Clarence, his eyes wide and saucer-like. Occasionally he let out a gurgle of laughter and, doubtless believing this to be some new game invented solely for his amusement, imitated my nephew by trotting along behind him, also bent double. The parent of this little horror, a lady in her twenties and thus still able to laugh, came out of the shop in time to see her offspring pushing off down the street behind Clarence. Seeing that the child was chortling with laughter and having nothing particular on hand, she simply walked along behind, awaiting the outcome of this strange occurrence.

Now this sort of thing can't go on without attracting a certain amount of attention. Before long, quite a number of people were ambling along in the wake of the ankles and my nephew, one young lady even bursting into hysterical giggles. It was quite an affair, I tell you, with this motley crew making a sizeable procession down the street.

Then, to swell the ranks even more, came a Bobby—a large, beefy, red-faced, not very intelligent Bobby—who, not being able to make any sense of this peculiar incident, simply clumped along with the crowd, his face wearing an extremely puzzled expression. Had this been New York it is probable that the Bobby would have hurled himself into the crowd, brandishing his truncheon and shouting such things as "Beat it!" and "Scram!" apprehended Clarence and taken him before the beak to face a charge of "accosting a lady with malicious intent" and a score of other charges branching therefrom. But this was London, and the Bobby, not knowing quite what to do, decided to bide his time until his mind could give birth to some brilliant solution.

Clarence, by this time, was really puzzled. He had now arrived at the conclusion that he knew the shoes beneath the ankles as well. His brain was whirling beneath the impact of a mass of improbable suggestions that burst into being from nowhere. Back and forth between his ears beat the problem of who owned the ankles, and just as he felt that the solution was within his grasp, they swung to port and disappeared behind the doors of a hat shop. My nephew, somewhat put out by this, leaned on the window and gazed blankly into the shop. He couldn't see much, though, because of the gauze curtains draped inside to protect shy females from the roving eyes of dawdlers of the opposite sex.

Removing his nose from the glass he smote his brow in a gesture of frustration and turned to leave, but his progress was arrested by a heavy hand that dropped on to his shoulder with such force that it nearly drove him through the paving-stones. The Bobby had shouldered his way through the crowd, deciding that any action was better than none.

"Nah then. What 's all this?"

"I beg your pardon."

"I said 'Nah then, what 's all this?' That 's what I said."

"What 's all what?" asked my nephew, gazing somewhat fearfully at the blue-coated arm of the law.

"Following that there lady down the street, that 's what. 'Aven't you got anything better to do than walk about looking at women's legs?"

"Oh, I say. Come, come. That 's all tosh, old chap. I haven't been looking at anyone's legs."

"You 'ave. I been walking behind you for the last five minutes. If you 'd been any closer to that lady's legs you 'd 'ave been wearing 'er stockings on your ears."

"But I was looking at her ankles, not her legs."

"Well, what 's the difference?"

"Honestly, if you don't know the difference between a leg and . . ."

"You 'ad no business to be looking at any part of a lady's leg. Not even glancing at 'em."

"What am I expected to do—walk about staring into the sky?"

"Better that than banging your nose against women's ankles. Now, are you coming with me?"

"Why the devil should I want to come with you? I 'm fairly certain that I could find better company without the least trouble. No, I 'm not coming with you."

The Bobby turned a deep red. "You 're coming with me to the station," he said firmly.

"To the station—now? Where am I going? On a trip to Edinburgh, perhaps? I haven't even packed a bag, old chap. Now, be reasonable. You can't expect me to go any distance in what I 'm wearing. And besides, I don't want to leave London."

"Come along."

"Why?"

"Loitering with intent."

"Intent to what?"

"Intent to . . . er . . . malicious intent."

"Don't be silly. I wouldn't harm anyone."

"You can tell that to the magistrate."

"Why, can't you hear me?"

"Of course I can hear you."

My nephew eyed him anxiously. "Do you want to be excused?" he asked solicitously.

"What d' you mean?"

"Well, you 're stamping about and going awfully red in the face Wouldn't want you to strain yourself."

The constable passed a hand over his eyes. He felt that he was misunderstood and in need of comfort. He felt very tired. Life returned, however, when he jumped about six inches into the air with a startled shriek. Returning to earth, he lifted his leg and rubbed the calf, his face puckered ready for tears. Beside him, far below his line of vision, stood the little horror, wielding a pin in preparation for another attack. The child, you see, was annoyed that the constable had put a stop to the little game of bend-and-totter, and he felt compelled to demonstrate his disapproval of this high-handed act. But before he could lunge again his mother, deeming it time to be off, grabbed him and disappeared into the crowd Clarence, having seen this little act of support, was giggling insanely, pausing only to cough, splutter and gasp for air. The Bobby, now beside himself with emotion, turned a pleading face upon him.

"Come with me, 'cos if you don't I 'll make you."

The fighting blood of the Pembletons bubbled to boiling-point in the veins of my nephew at this threat of violence. Not for nothing is there a mailed fist in the Pembleton coat-of-arms.

"Don't you lay a hand on me or I shall tell the Police Commissioner. I 'll have you demoted right down to assistant tea-maker if you so much as touch me." He folded his arms and stared coldly at the policeman, who had recoiled at this demonstration of force.

The pair of ankles came out of the shop, hesitated, then joined the crowd, their owner wondering what the centre of attraction might be. What greeted her gaze was the sight of a constable, now determined on a course of action, laying a heavy hand on Clarence's shoulder. With a fluting cry she forced her way through the crowd and confronted the policeman.

"What are you doing?" she said. "Can't you pick on someone your own size? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, bullying such a little man. Why, for two pins I would report you to the Commissioner and have you tossed out of the police force for having Fascist tendencies. Explain yourself, and be quick about it."

There was a note of authority in her voice, and the policeman, overawed, spluttered: "He was following you all the way down the street, Miss. Looking at your legs, he was. I was going to run 'im in for loitering with intent—malicious intent."

"And why shouldn't he look at my legs?"

"Well, it 's not done, Miss."

"It is by him. He 's my husband."

The Bobby closed his eyes and shuddered violently. Clarence once again smote his brow, almost unseating his spectacles. "Of course," he said. "And how are you this morning, my sweet?"

"Very well, thank you, my love."

"Good, good. Shall we totter off and have some lunch now, my angel? Must say I feel a trifle peckish."

"But of course, beloved."

Upon which they linked arms and strode firmly away.

Pembleton stood up, rubbed the side of his nose thoughtfully, and wandered out of the room, leaving an unfinished drink, a still-smoking pipe and a neatly wrapped parcel on the table beside his chair.

Our Fashion Portfolio

★

THE BIBURYS PREPARE FOR ASCOT

★

Mrs. Bibury and her débutante daughter Charlotte, having collected the clothes they are going to wear at Ascot, Henley and future garden parties, decided it would be fun to have some photographs of themselves in all their glory, so they asked Mrs. Bibury's sister, Mrs. Curtis, to bring her camera and go with them to Kensington Gardens. There they, and Charlotte's ex-débutante friend, Angela Phillips, who is going with the Biburys to Ascot, had their own dress rehearsal.

Feature specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

Mrs. Bibury (*centre*) wears a sleek Matita suit in sapphire-blue grosgrain. The long revers and very slim skirt give it a flattering "streamlined" appearance. The cut-away jacket has two pockets on the back of the basque. About 23 gns. from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge; Irene of Exeter. Her sapphire-blue and white silk scarf cap is by Madge Chard. An additional straw brim is available. Price £9 complete, or it can be bought separately. At Dickins and Jones, and Bobby's of Eastbourne. Black suède court shoes (Lilley and Skinner, £7 17s. 6d.), fine black suède gloves (The White House, £4 14s. 6d.), Asprey's small black suède handbag (£9 12s. 6d.) and a three-string pearl choker (7 gns.), from Fior, Burlington Gardens, complete a well-chosen outfit.

Charlotte (*right*) wears a light royal blue, pure silk shantung dress by Roter. It has a draped neckline, cross-over bodice and full, gathered skirt. Also to be had in black or turquoise, in all sizes, from Peter Jones; Brown and Martin, Bradford; 25 gns. The pretty little marguerite hat is from Ruby Carel, who prices all her hats at 5½ gns. Charlotte's blue calf court shoes "Modique" are from Raynes (9 gns.), white pigrain calf handbag is £7 2s. 6d. (Aspreys), and white doeskin gloves £4 14s. 6d. (The White House). Her delicately worked gilt necklet is from Fior, reasonably priced at £2 5s.

A Dorville dress in blond rayon shantung with cap sleeves, small stand-up collar, and self-coloured embroidery on the pockets was Angela's choice. She wore it with a coffee-colour chiffon cummerbund, but it also has a plain belt. Price 16 gns., it is available in pearl, pale blue, red, pinky beige, light navy, orange and lichen green, from Peter Jones and Samuels of Manchester. Her "opalescent" sandals are Italian, and cost 6 gns. at Lilley and Skinner. The simple, burnt-straw hat by Madge Chard is trimmed with black velvet, £6 18s. 6d., from Fenwick's; Rowntrees of York and Scarborough. Her cinnamon-colour doeskin gloves are £3 6s. 6d. (The White House). The "burnt" lizard-skin handbag at £7 16s. 6d., and pearl stud ear-rings (£1 12s. 6d.) are from Fior.

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Our Fashion Portfolio

THE BIBURYS PREPARE FOR ASCOT

(Contd.)

Mrs. Bibury's very elegant two-piece is by Roecliff and Chapman. The white, heavy grosgrain coat has softly-rounded shoulders ; the enormous, unusually-set sleeves have elasticised wrists which can either be worn long or pushed up to three-quarter-length. A swathed band gathered on the left hip adds detail to the plain black grosgrain dress which has cap sleeves and a boat neck finished with white silk embroidery. From Richard Bird, Knightsbridge. About 44 gns. complete ; separately the coat is 20 gns., dress 25 gns. Madge Chard's "east to west" hat is in white jersey straw with a black grosgrain underbrim (8½ gns. from Fenwick's, and Joseph Johnson, Leicester). Mrs. Bibury found the black lace sandals very comfortable (9 gns. at Lilley and Skinner). Her three-row pearl necklace (£11 17s. 6d.) and stud ear-rings (£1 12s. 6d.) came from Fior.

Charlotte's distinctive dress is also a Roecliff and Chapman model. Yards and yards of navy tulle went into the making of the finely-pleated skirt which goes over tarlatan and taffeta underskirts. The white lace top has a high, upstanding collar at the back, but a deep V neckline in front. Billowy sleeves are finished with elastic at the wrists (Charlotte wears them pushed up). A navy taffeta cummerbund gives the high-waisted look. About 25 gns. from Richard Bird, Knightsbridge. Her navy mesh and suède court shoes cost 9 gns. at Lilley and Skinner, white doeskin gloves £4 14s. 6d. (The White House) and the navy grosgrain handbag decorated with gold filigree design is £3 18s. at Susan Handbags, Bond Street. White crinoline straw edged with black velvet and dipped at the sides gives a bonnet effect to the becoming hat by Madge Chard. Pontings, Kensington, and Edith Dennett of Wilmslow, stock it at £6.

It sometimes rains at Ascot, and the umbrella is a safety-first accessory to fine-weather clothes.

Angela is wearing a suit in steel-grey brocaded faille. The nipped jacket, full skirt, three-quarter sleeves and neat roll collar make it a useful suit for a young girl, as it can be dressed "up" or "down" for different occasions. Made by Matita, it is on sale at Druce, Baker Street, and Alexandrine, Nottingham, for about 26 gns (hip sizes 34—44). Madge Chard's gay little "Watteau" hat in grey ottoman silk is trimmed with luscious-looking fruit (6½ gns. at Dickins and Jones and Joseph Johnson of Leicester). The high-heeled gun-metal kid sandals (Lilley and Skinner, £7 7s.) are well-matched by the grey calf handbag (£4 19s. 6d. at Susan Handbags). Fenwick's scarlet silk jersey gloves at 15s. 10d. can also be had in many other colours. The grey and natural pearl necklace (6 gns.) and grey pearl ear-rings (£1 12s. 6d.) are from Fior.

Charlotte wears Mercia's caramel and black spotted suit for the "not-so-bright" day. Made in taffeta-lined organza, it has a very full skirt. The belted jacket has a rounded collar and petal peplum which are edged with black organza. Priced at about 25 gns., it is available from Eve Valere, Knightsbridge; Lavinia, Leamington Spa, and Henry Ash, Norwich. Her fine black suède gloves are £4 14s. 6d. from The White House. The black patent sandals are from Raynes, price 9 gns., and the boxy black patent and grosgrain handbag is £3 5s. at Susan Handbags. Ruby Carel's "lampshade" hat in stiff black lace is, of course, 5½ gns.—her standard price.

The long-handled, grey umbrella is £5 5s. at Raynes.

(Continued overleaf.)

Our Fashion Portfolio

THE BIBURYS PREPARE FOR ASCOT *(Contd.)*

Left: Mrs. Bibury tries out her Ascot binoculars. Her "special occasion" dress is a Simmone model in gun-metal braganza. The uncommon circular design embroidery is done in white cord outlined with sequins. To make the skirt stand out she wears a "foundation" petticoat of stiffened net and taffeta. Price about 63 gns., from Rocha, 24, Grafton Street. Her very large coolie hat in boucle straw (ideal for a hot day) is from Simone Mirman (18 gns.). Fior's white beaded pochette is 6 gns., and the long, white, fine suède gloves are £4 19s. 9d. (The White House). Her I. Miller grey suède court shoes are low-cut at the sides. Price 9 gns. at Lilley and Skinner. The binoculars, costing £41 6s., are obtainable from Barr and Stroud.

Below: Both Charlotte and Angela had possible garden parties in mind when they chose these dresses.

Charlotte's is an Atrima model in white leaf-patterned organza over navy taffeta. She wears the intricately-cut, brief taffeta bolero with a slit cap sleeve to give a more covered-up appearance to the boned, strapless top. Stocked by Dickins and Jones; Nola Gowns, of Chester and Buxton, price £23 10s. complete (sizes 12 and 14). The white lace edging to her big navy cart-wheel straw hat gives the effect of a double brim; 11 gns., from Fenwicks, and Elliston and Cavell, Oxford. Her blue calf sandals are 9 gns. at Raynes, and navy nylon gloves are 42s. from The White House. Her double-row pearl choker is 30s. (Fior).

Angela's lime-yellow pure silk organza dress is from Helen Kaye of Regent Street. It has a deep square neckline, tucked bodice and tiny cap sleeves, and a full, "floating" skirt. Priced at £24, it is also to be had in a variety of other colours. Her calf handbag (£5 15s. at Susan Handbags) and fine suède gloves (The White House, £6 0s. 2d.) are both in the new "blond" shade. The lime crinoline straw hat by Madge Chard is trimmed with black velvet and a lime rose. Price 9 gns., from Peter Robinson and Audrey Clare of Exeter. Jewellery from Fior: necklace 7 gns., ear-rings £1 12s. 6d.

Mrs. Bibury's 16-mm. cine camera came from G.B. Equipments, price £97 10s. (including tax)—a wonderfully compact, easy-to-use instrument.

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Nearest shop? Write Clarks Dept. L.2, Street, Somerset — *and ask for a style leaflet*

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

OUR summer visitors are with us again and foreign languages (including the American) run riot on London cinema screens. Without leaving the West End at all, the assiduous picture-goer can hear films in French, Italian, Spanish, Russian—and even English, should the fancy take him.

The most welcome visitor, to my mind, is French; a charming, happy little work called *Le Voyage en Amérique*, with those delightful and accomplished partners, Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay, in the leading parts. The film has only the slenderest thread of plot; in fact, it is really misleading to call its gentle sketch of place and character a plot at all. The place is a sleepy little French provincial town; the characters are the Mayor, the curé, the cook, the gardener, the postwoman, and all their neighbours, but particularly the Fourniers.

The Fourniers are a middle-aged, devoted couple, just like thousands of other couples in provincial France. Gaston is a banker in a small way. Clothilde is a housewife, absorbed in her home, her husband, her garden and her doves. Both of them are rooted in their native soil. They are fixtures in Garanciere, just as Gaston's punctual arrival at the bank is a fixture for his yearly purchase of land.

But Clothilde, like so many contented housewives, has a hidden longing for adventure. Not that she really *wants* adventure, you understand; she wants to have the *memory* of adventures. So when she learns that their married daughter in America is expecting her first baby, Clothilde starts to put on gentle pressure. They must take a trip to America, she says, and will not be fobbed off with excuses. Gaston provides plenty of excuses. His invention in trying to keep his wife at home is brilliant. There is every reason in the world why they should stay in Garanciere. So, of course, they go to America.

It is one of the film's great beauties that this wonderful trip is only touched on as a memory. Back in sleepy Garanciere, on the banks of the little fishing-stream, the Fourniers recall their great adventure, already distant like a fading dream. Gaston confesses he was afraid in the 'plane; Clothilde was excited. She wanted to order champagne at once; he to smoke cigars. She found an American clergyman most attractive; he had eyes only for a famous Hollywood star. They were both infuriated by a precocious child; both slept well; both found it piquant and exhilarating to have to dress and wash at an altitude of 15,000 ft. and a speed of 300 miles an hour. Both, finally, agree that it was wonderful to take a trip to America, but that it is even more wonderful to be home. . . . Which is almost exactly what most honest people feel in real life, not excluding you and me.

Le Voyage en Amérique has been handled by director Henri Lavorel with a delicacy to match its frailty. The playing, of course, is superb. Apart from the Lunts, and possibly the Oliviers, I know no acting couple who can dovetail their performances as beautifully as Pierre Fresnay and Yvonne Printemps. It would not be a Printemps picture, of course, without songs, and she has one enchanting little number, to music by Francis Poulenc, that ought to equal the success of her "Plaisir d'Amour" when it is published as a gramophone record.

> Sailors roam the wide world over;
> I roam only in my garden . . .
> I shall never see Singapore,
> Barcelona or Casablanca—
> But I shall see
> The eyes of love.

THE Mexican film, *Los Olvidados* (English title, *The Young and the Damned*), is exceedingly brilliant and excessively brutal. It has earned an X Certificate from the British Board of Film Censors, but it also won the Grand Prix for direction from the judges at the last international Cannes Festival. Luis Bunuel, the distinguished Spaniard who directed it and was also concerned in writing the screenplay, is without any doubt at all an artist to be reckoned with. The impact of the film is shocking, but it is cunningly designed.

Los Olvidados is specifically concerned with juvenile delinquency in Mexico City, and, by implication, with juvenile delinquency in all big urban cities to-day. That, at least, is the popular and convenient phrase that will almost certainly be used to describe its subject—"juvenile delinquency." I would prefer to say outright that it is about crime—the crimes of parents towards their children, and the resulting crimes of children towards anything and everything; young, old, good, bad, authoritative, helpless, human or animal.

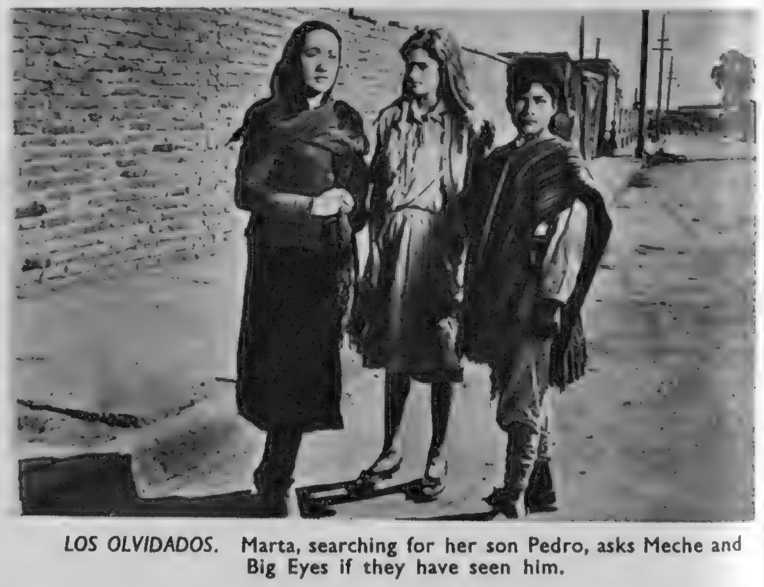
It is, indeed, a dreadful picture. The hero, or victim—for there is no other word for the wretched little being who begins life as the product of his mother's rape at fourteen, and ends it with his broken body in a sack, tipped off the back of a donkey on to a rubbish heap—is an unwanted boy of twelve or thirteen, called Pedro, who takes up with a wild street-gang, for want of any better company to keep. An older youth, Jaibo, who has suffered from convulsions as a child, and has been turned into a tormentor and potential killer by loneliness and neglect and natural instability, makes him party to a brutal murder, terrorises him into silence, and eventually kills him too. There seems no act too cruel for Jaibo to commit, nor any misery too great for Pedro to suffer, and as the film gathers momentum, and panic, in the sense of wildness and brute terror, takes hold of the gang of boys, savagery is piled on savagery, and the appearance of anything weak, crippled or defenceless becomes the signal for a stoning or a smashing.

The acting, mainly by a non-professional cast, is as convincing as it well could be, and the terrible *feel* of the slums of Mexico City—the dust, the heat, the over-crowded, sleazy rooms, the hardness of the stone and the burning pressure of the sun—is most brilliantly and terribly evoked. There are moments, particularly in the calculated effects of nightmare, when M. Bunuel's passionate contempt for the orthodox may seem to carry him too far. But it would be a grave injustice to pretend that *Los Olvidados* is a horrid film for mere horror's sake. It is clearly designed to shock the conscience of the world into assuming responsibility for a problem that is too often dismissed complacently.

A RUSSIAN film, *The Fall of Berlin* is a folk-tale mixture of fact and fancy, designed for simple people with a bold and toy-like touch. In dealing with the last days of the Hitler régime, the doomed and dying dictatorship, and the *coup-de-grace* by Stalin and his men, it is often drawn out of proportion, but nearly always drawn (or painted, rather, for the film is done in Agfa-color) both vividly and vigorously. Some of the scenes are really memorable—the advance across a battlefield lit by hundreds of searchlights, the blazing ruins of Berlin so close to the nose of a low-flying 'plane that we can almost smell the burning, the hush of a massed army on the banks of the Oder waiting for the order to attack. These things are of the stuff of film-making, and anyone in this country who loves the cinema must feel quite sad that so much shoddy (the burlesque of Mr. Churchill, for instance) has been woven into them.

PLAYED at high speed and full volume, the Italian film *Springtime in Italy* is a candid farce about a cheerful young bigamist who can't see what's wrong in wanting to have one family in Sicily and another in Milan, and even starting a third family in Florence, seeing that he's a commercial traveller. It's a gay piece, and not altogether a worthless one, for the non-professional cast is ardent, and, as somebody is bound to tell you, "it's all so typically Italian, my dear." I would put it in much the same class as our own *Curtain Up* (the film version of *On Monday Next*) which is all so typically British, my dear. Except, of course, that such professionals as Margaret Rutherford and Robert Morley know exactly by what tricks to get their laughs; and always get them.

LE VOYAGE EN AMERIQUE. M. and Mme. Fournier go off for a day's fishing to celebrate their return home.



LOS OLVIDADOS. Marta, searching for her son Pedro, asks Meche and Big Eyes if they have seen him.

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A CAUTIONARY TALE

By Edward Jarvis

THERE once lived a poor but handsome minstrel who wandered from tavern to tavern with his violin, singing ballads for food and wine. Seldom was he hungry, for he sang like an enchanted nightingale and the notes fell from his bow like soft winds upon the sun's quivering heat.

Now the king, of whom the minstrel was a loyal subject, had an only daughter; a maiden of exquisite beauty, who was, nevertheless, very spoiled. Her father spared no expense to please her, and indeed, not one day passed but that he lavished upon her some rare and costly gift. Being an only child, however, the princess grew tired of possessing everything and quickly became listless and irritable. This so worried his Majesty that he offered an immense sum of money to any person who could make his daughter happy again.

Scores of princes and noblemen from many lands duly arrived at the Royal Palace, bringing with them countless different instruments, dancing bears and singing troupes. One by one they appeared before the princess, but she just yawned and grew more bored than ever.

Then one day, as the minstrel strolled through the streets of the city, he saw a portrait of the princess and instantly fell in love with her. Upon being told of her plight, he went straight to the Palace to seek permission to play before her. But the noblemen only laughed at the ragged figure, and even the king felt sceptical that the princess could be cured. The poor man, however, was now at his wits' end to know what to do and finally gave his consent.

Accordingly, the young man was brought to her Royal Highness, and in front of the assembled company he began to play. As the first sweet notes rose upon the silence, the princess smiled. Then she laughed and clapped her hands in delight, and when the minstrel had finished, she urged him to play again and again. The violinist played every tune he knew, and at the end of two days, the princess was completely better. The king was overjoyed and offered the hand of his daughter in marriage to the minstrel, who, of course, gladly accepted.

When the young couple returned from their honeymoon, the king gave them a palatial castle on the highest peak in the country, almost as high as the sky itself. And in the castle he had built a tall turret of gleaming white granite.

One day, in the topmost room of this tall turret on the highest peak in the country, the minstrel sat happily playing his violin to his bride, and serenading her with love songs. As he sang, a nobleman who was bitterly jealous of him rode past below on a horse. He recognised the voice instantly and, stringing his bow, he aimed and shot an arrow through the turret window. It plunged through the minstrel's heart and killed him, leaving the princess a sad but wiser woman.

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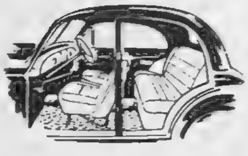

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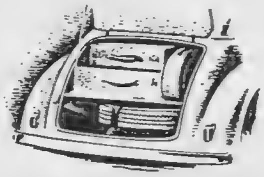

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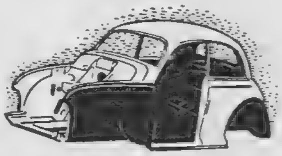

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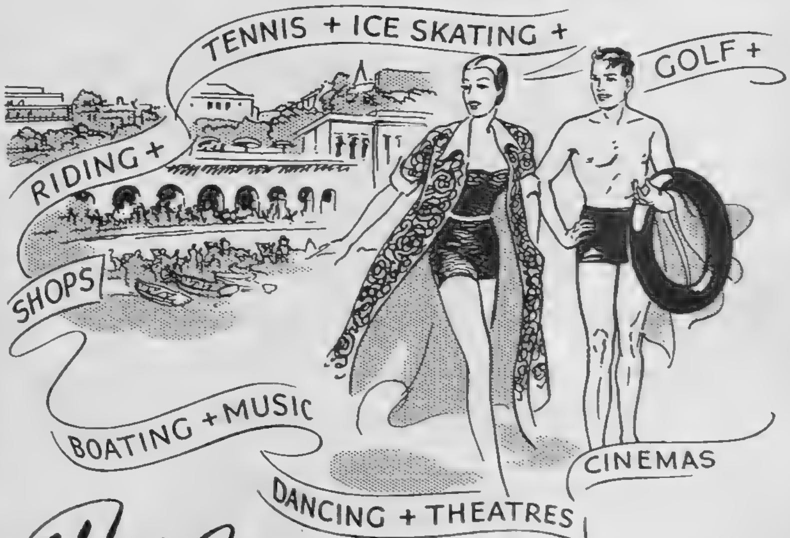

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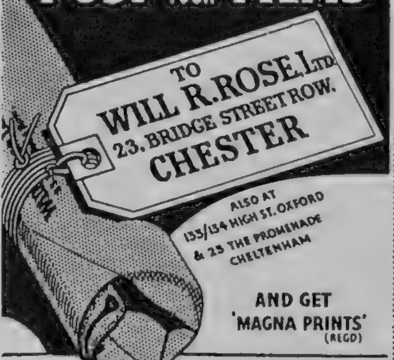

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